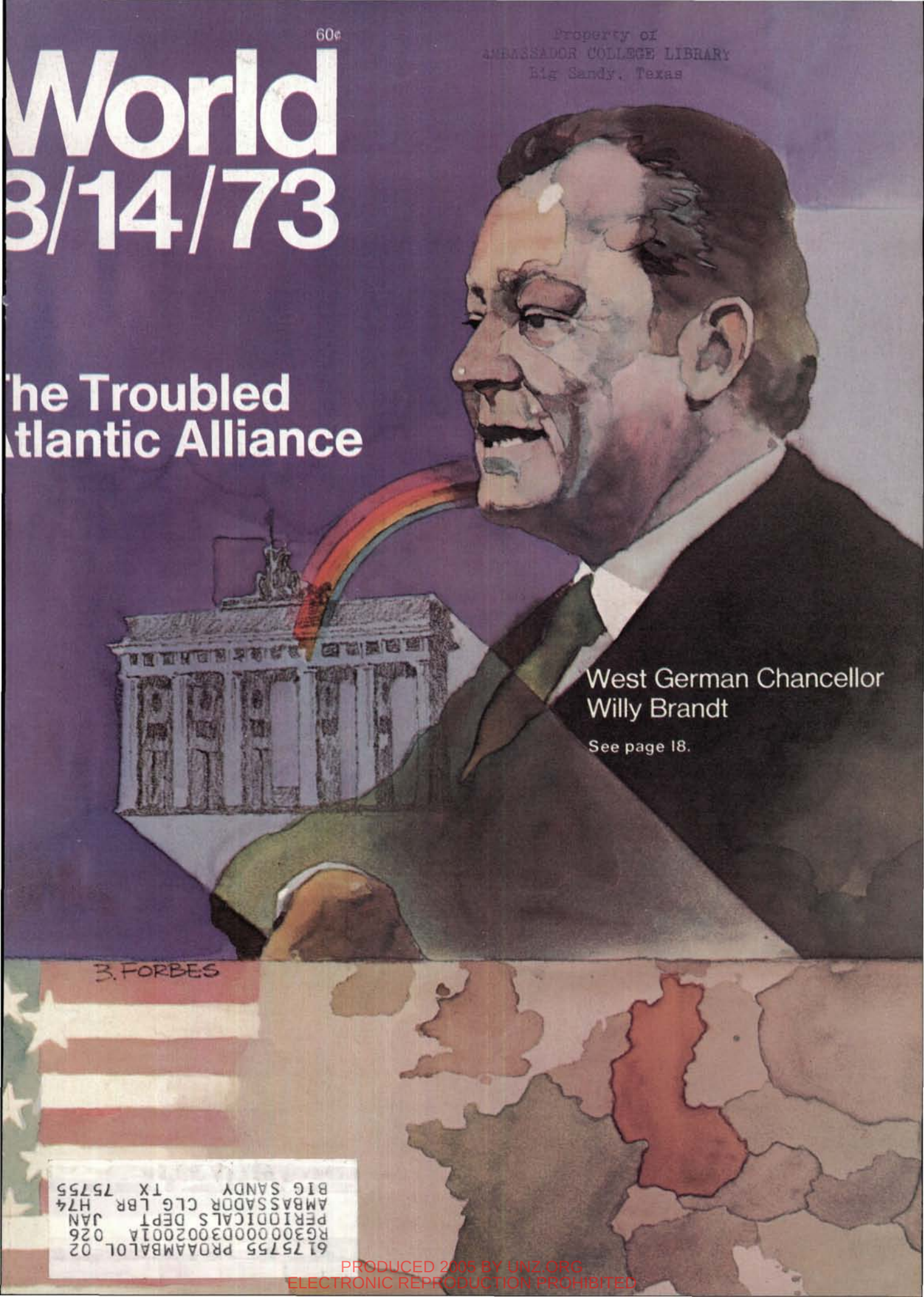
Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

60¢

World

3/14/73

The Troubled Atlantic Alliance



West German Chancellor Willy Brandt

See page 18.

61 75755 PROAAMBALOL 02
RG3000000D3002001A 026
PERIODICALS DEPT JAN
AMBASSADOR CLG LBR H74
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW'S THE TIME TO INVEST IN SIGNED ORIGINALS.

Each piece of Waterford crystal is a signed work of art, made by hand with heart.

No other crystal has a higher lead content.

Waterford is blown into shape by mouth, as it was 200 years ago; and every single facet is cut by hand.

There's no more propitious time for you to invest in Waterford, considering the impact of inflation.

Witness, for example, the three Irish beauties here: *Castletown, $23. Tramore, $9.25. Kenmare $12.75.*

Each piece of Waterford crystal is an investment in beauty that grows more valuable with the passing years.

Isn't it time you started collecting signed originals by Waterford?

And English bone china by Aynsley, to go with it?

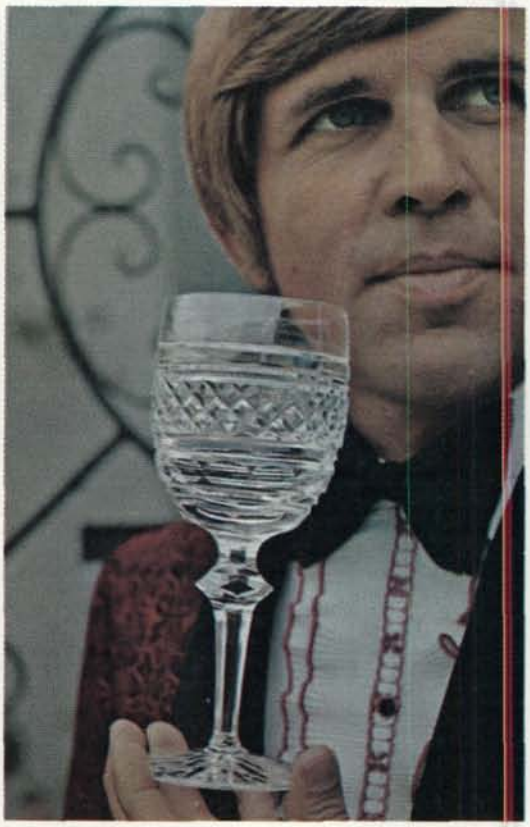
When the Queen of England wanted bone china for her wedding table, she chose Aynsley.

Five-piece place settings range from $300 to $20.

Shown here: *Pembroke, $32.50. Indian Tree, $45. Henley, $28.95.*

For colorful free booklets, write to Waterford & Aynsley, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010. Become a collector.

WATERFORD® & AYNSLEY



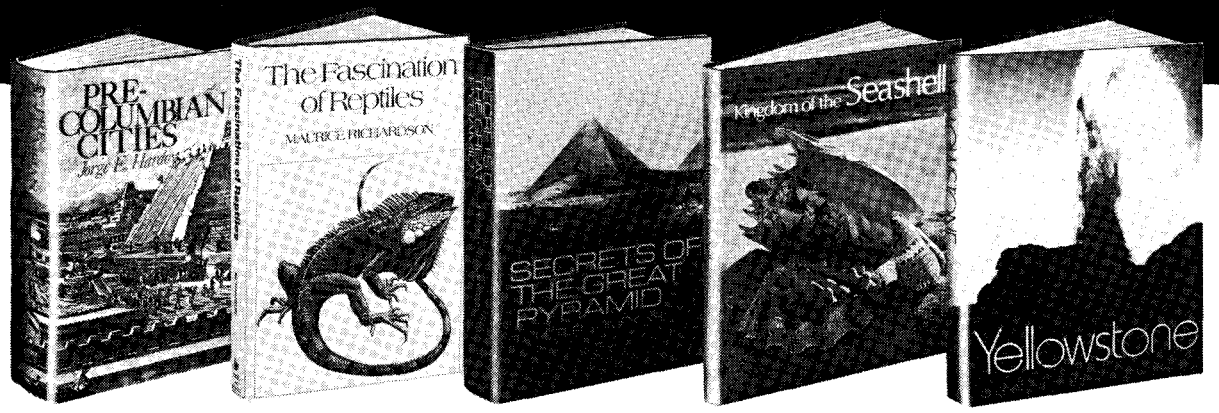
Photos: Pesin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exploding stars · concealed cities · seashells · snakes

Sooner or later all the natural world reveals its secrets to members of the

NATURAL SCIENCE BOOK CLUB



Just about every fascinating facet of the natural world comes under the scrutiny of the Natural Science Book Club in books *sure to delight the eye*, quicken the pulse, expand the intellect, transport the mind to times past and times beyond.

Take any 3 BOOKS (values to $49.95) FREE with First Selection

If you will join now and take 3 more books —at handsome discounts —over the next 12 months

Retail prices in light, **members' discount prices in bold.**

37331. CATCH ME A COLOBUS. *Gerald Durrell.* Celebrated nature-lover reports on his adventure-filled expedition to Sierra Leone to capture *a few endangered leopards* and Colobus monkeys. $6.95/**$5.95**

87410. WORDS FOR BIRDS. *Edward S. Gruson.* This ornithological, etymological and historical guide to 800 birds is a readable treasure-trove of fun as well as accurate information. Illustrations. $8.95/**$7.25**

77680. SECRETS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID. *Peter Tompkins.* A brilliant account of the mysterious harmonies that have been discovered in this seventh wonder of the world. $12.50/**$9.75**

78190. SEXUAL SELECTION AND THE DESCENT OF MAN. *Edited by Bernard Campbell.* Ten of the world's outstanding biologists, anthropologists and sociologists assess some of the problems originally posed by Darwin. $14.75/**$9.95**

88120. YELLOWSTONE: A Century of the Wilderness Idea. *Ann and Myron Sutton.* A lavish celebration in words and breathtaking photographs (72 in color)—of deer, bison and bears, awesome canyons, spectacular lakes and forests of this century-old national park. *Counts as 2 of your 3 books.* $25.00/**$18.25**

53870. THE HUDSON RIVER. *Robert H. Boyle.* Best-selling account of the destruction of one of America's mighty rivers. $7.95/**$6.50**

33640. ANIMAL SOCIETIES. *Rémy Chauvin. A noted French biologist* takes a unique look at the curious, frequently bizarre—and sometimes uncomfortably "human" — behavior of insects, birds, and mammals. $6.50/**$5.50**

57280. KINGDOM OF THE SEASHELL. *R. Tucker Abbot.* An expert introduction to the fabulous world of marine mollusks—how they grow, reproduce, defend themselves. Magnificent full-color illustrations. $14.95/**$12.50**

56530. ISLAND AT THE CENTER OF THE WORLD. *Father Sebastian Englert.* A stunningly handsome book illustrated in full color that casts new light on the saga of Easter Island. $15.00/**$10.95**

48400. THE FASCINATION OF REPTILES. *Maurice Richardson.* Colorful, handsomely illustrated appreciation of these *scientifically neglected* and often maligned animals. $10.00/**$7.75**

63191. THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE. *Colin M. Turnbull.* A compellingly readable first-hand account of Uganda's strange Ik people — an isolated tribe forced into inhuman cruelty by an inhospitable environment and an indifferent government. Photographs. $7.95/**$6.75**

39731. COMMON INSECTS OF NORTH AMERICA. *Lester A. Swan and Charles S. Papp.* Major survey of American insects, indispensable to the amateur collector, fascinate the interested browser. $15.00/**$11.50**

48810. THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE. *Per Olof Sundman.* Re-creates the dramatic story of the lost balloon Eagle and its ill-fated voyage to the North Pole. $6.95/**$5.95**

36010. THE BIG, FERTILE, RUMBLING, CAST-IRON, GROWLING, ACHING, UNBUTTONED BELLY-BOOK. *James Trager.* Startling insights into the marvelous machine that is the human body. Lots of fun, lots of fact. $15.00/**$11.50**

34710. AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE: A Book of Wild Birds. *Richard Perry.* Engrossing illustrated stories, both dramatic and amusing, of shore birds. $7.50/**$6.25**

58830. THE LONG AFRICAN DAY. *Norman Myers.* A breathtaking natural history of African wildlife, accompanied by 300 stunning *photos of birth, play, conflict, death. Counts as 2 of your 3 books.* $25.00/**$18.95**

65290. ON A PIECE OF CHALK. *Thomas Henry Huxley. Edited by Loren Eiseley.* Using fossil evidence in a piece of chalk as a springboard, the famous biologist conducts the reader back in geological time. $6.95/**$5.95**

68560. THE PHILOSOPHICAL FISHERMAN. *Harold F. Blaisdell.* The wisdom and lore of fishing comes vibrantly to life in this down-to-earth book. $6.95/**$5.75**

66560. OUT OF AFRICA. *Isak Dinesen.* A serene and sensitive account of the natives and animals on the author's farm in East Africa. $7.95/**$6.50**

47340. EXPLORING THE OCEAN WORLD. Revised and Expanded Edition. *Edited by C. P. Idyll.* Richly illustrated volume is ideal introduction to oceanography. Explains continental drift, marine ecology, man's future in the sea. $14.95/**$11.50**

61350. MATHEMATICS MADE DIFFICULT. *Carl E. Linderholm.* A rich harvest in which — underneath the nonsense — some advanced mathematics ideas are developed. $6.95/**$5.95**

70240. PRE-COLUMBIAN CITIES. *Jorge E. Hardoy.* A landmark volume that vividly describes the little-known but bustling cities of pre-Columbian America — El Tijan, *Machu Picchu, Chan Chan of the* Chimu, and others. Lavishly illustrated. $19.95/**$14.95**

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES ● The Natural Science Book **News**, describing the coming Main Selection and Alternate Selections, will be sent to you 15 times a year at three to four week intervals. ● If you wish to purchase the Main Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically. ● If you prefer one of the Alternates, or no book at all, simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the **News** and mail it so we receive it by the date specified. ● The **News** is mailed in time to allow you at least 10 days to decide if you want the coming Main Selection. If, because of late mail delivery of the **News**, you should ever receive a Main Selection without having had the 10-day consideration period, that Selection may be returned at Club expense. ● After completing your trial membership, you will be entitled to take advantage of our fabulous bonus plan which offers savings up to 70% and more.

Natural Science Book Club 4-55W
Riverside, New Jersey 08075

Please accept my application for membership and send me the three free volumes indicated, billing me only for my first selection. I agree to purchase at least three additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, at special members' prices. Savings range up to 30% and occasionally even more. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these three books. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.

(Offer good in Continental U.S. and Canada only. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

3 FREE BOOKS

FIRST SELECTION

Indicate by number the books you want.
Some expensive books count as 2 selections.

Name _____

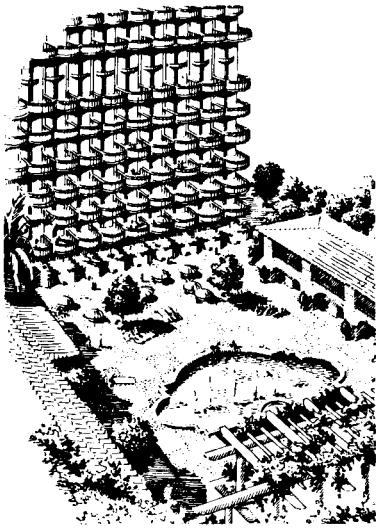
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send no money. Members are billed when books arrive.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If we didn't believe there were enough people to appreciate the difference, we wouldn't have gone to the Mediterranean to design our swimming pool.



And we probably wouldn't have taken the trouble to finish our new pool with hand laid mosaic tile. Or deck the patio with tile and brick. Gas lamps light the area. Dozens of lemon and orange trees surround it. And for the moments between sun and swim, there is a mini gym, a sauna and the Don Quixote snack bar.

The new Beverly Wilshire. There isn't another hotel in Los Angeles like us.

Howards Courtright's
Beverly Wilshire

9500 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212
For Reservations: TOLL FREE 800-AE8-5000
or in Los Angeles (213) 275-4282
Single rooms from $28. Double rooms from $34.

World
8/14/73

Vol. 2, No. 17

FEATURES

4 World Progress Report
6 Top of the World *by Goodman Ace*
8 Curmudgeon-at-Large *by Cleveland Amory*
12 As I Was Saying *by John Ciardi*
14 Editorial *by N.C.*
15 Letters From Readers
25 World Environment Newsletter
52 Light Refractions *by Thomas H. Middleton*

WORLD REPORTER

16 The Troubled Atlantic Alliance *by Richard C. Longworth*
President Nixon's Year of Europe may witness the culmination of problems that for years have plagued the U.S.-Western partnership—problems so severe they could unhinge the entire Western alliance.
18 The Ostpolitik of Willy Brandt *by Harry Schwartz*
Of all European leaders, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt has probably done most to ease the friction between East and West.
20 American Troops in Europe: Threat or Safeguard? *by Edward L. King*
23 Djilas: "The Central Question Is Europe" *by Rudolph Chelminski*
Writer-philosopher Milovan Djilas discusses Soviet-American rapprochement and its implications for Europe.

BOOKS

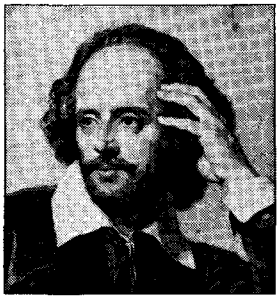
30 An Assassin's Diary *by Arthur H. Bremer*
Reviewed by Stephen Koch
32 Shakespeare the Man *by A. L. Rowse*
Reviewed by Frank Kermode
34 Books in Brief *by Susan Heath and Dorothy Rabinowitz*
35 Booked Ahead *by William Cole*

TRAVEL

36 Into the Midnight Twilight *by Dena Kaye*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROPERTY OF
AIRBRARY & COLLEGE LIBRARY



Page 32

Page 46

Page 44

FILM

41 Wolfman Strikes Again *by Hollis Alpert*

MUSIC

42 Penderecki's Progress *by Irving Kolodin*

44 Solti, Chicago, Schoenberg *by Robert Craft*

THEATER

46 The Happy Journey to Moscow and Leningrad (Part One) *by Alan Schneider*

GAMESMANSHIP

41 Wit Twister No. 2 *by Arthur Swan*

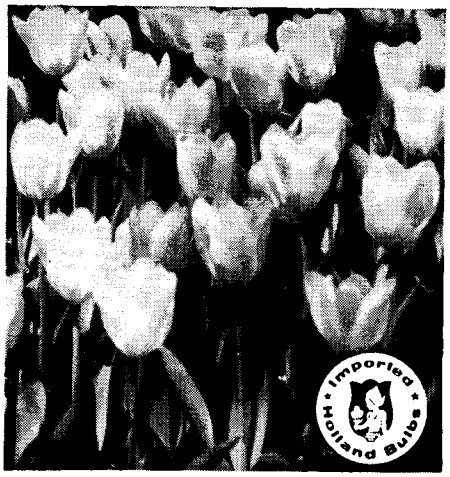
51 Eye on Chess No. 30 *by Fairfield W. Hoban*

53 Double-Gram No. 30 *by Thomas H. Middleton*

Cover Design by Bart Forbes

Cartoons: Bob Schochet, Sam Gross, Robert Censoni, Joseph Farris, Bo Brown, Boris Drucker

WORLD Magazine published biweekly by WORLD Magazine, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Norman Cousins, President; S. Spencer Grin, Executive Vice-President; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice-President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Senior Vice-President; Roland Gelatt, Editorial Vice-President; Joseph S. Iseman, Corporate Vice-President and Secretary; Lyn White, Vice-President, Corporate Relations; William J. McVey, Jr., Director of Advertising; Robert A. Burghardt, Vice-President of Advertising Services; Account Managers, Peter J. Brandon, Bernard Ganis, Charles Harris, Fraser S. Howe, Walter G. Koontz, Larry Leins, Joseph Luyber, William H. Pearson, Richard Walsh; Advertising Production Manager, Robert Ziegler; Promotion Director, Dennis Barry; Research Director, David J. Larkin; Automotive Marketing Manager, Bruce E. Miller, 365 Notre Dame, Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48230; Advertising Representatives—Western Region, R. J. Friedman Associates, Inc., 3242 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Southeastern Region, James A. Kridel, Inc., 7600 Red Road (Suite 215—A), Miami, Fla. 33143; Harry W. Hochman, Circulation Director. Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions, APO, FPO, & Canada: one year—$12; two years—$20; three years—$25 (all other countries—additional postage $2 per year). Vol. 2, No. 17, August 14, 1973. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. © 1973 by WORLD Magazine. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permisson is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35 mm microfilm and microfiche. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, WORLD Magazine; P.O. Box 1226, Flushing, N.Y. 11352.



Burpee Bulbs

TO PLANT THIS FALL
for Gorgeous Spring Blooms
in March, April and May

Money-Saving Top Values POSTPAID **$3 SPECIALS** and Larger Quantities

ALL BURPEE TOP QUALITY
Planting Directions Included

GIANT RED EMPEROR TULIPS $3
Largest, earliest and most brilliant tall giants, most popular of all tulips. 18 BULBS Scarlet. Top-size bulbs 33 Bulbs $5 • 100, $14.25

TALL GIANT DARWIN TULIPS $3
Huge blooms, strong 24 to 30 in. stems, all best colors mixed for gorgeous May 21 BULBS display. Top-size bulbs. 50 Bulbs $6.75 • 100, $12.75

GIANT FANTASY PARROT TULIPS $3
Exotic, fringed, feathery. Rose pink and salmon marked green. 18 to 21 in. 13 BULBS stems. Top-size bulbs. 25 Bulbs $5.75 • 50, $10.75

HYBRID TULIP, HOLLAND'S GLORY $3
Immense scarlet, much larger, lasts longer. 2 weeks earlier. 24 in. tall. Long- 12 BULBS lived top-size bulbs. 25 Bulbs $6.25 • 50, $11.75

RARE PINK DAFFODILS $3
Apricot-pink trumpets, silvery white petals. Exquisite outdoors & in bouquets. 9 BULBS Round bulbs. 25 Bulbs $7.50 • 50, $14.00

KING ALFRED DAFFODILS $3
Most popular of all daffodils! Huge golden yellow blooms, big frilled trumpets. 11 BULBS Round bulbs. 25 Bulbs $7.00 • 50, $13.25

GIANT TRUMPET DAFFODILS $3
Largest flowers, long trumpets, strong stems. Yellows, whites and bicolors, mixed. 13 BULBS Round bulbs. 23 Bulbs $5.00 • 50, $10.75

LARGE FRAGRANT HYACINTHS $3
Stately spikes and showy colors. Blue, pink, yellow, carmine, white, mixed. 13 BULBS Bedding bulbs. 25 Bulbs $5.75 • 50, $10.50

LARGE-FLOWERED CROCUS $3
Live and multiply year after year. Purple, yellow, blue, white, striped, mixed. 50 BULBS All blooming-size bulbs. 100 Bulbs $5.55 • 200, $10.80

W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., 1343 Burpee Bldg.
Phila., Pa. 19132 • Clinton, Iowa 52732 • Riverside, Cal. 92502
Send postpaid the Burpee Bulbs ordered below:

Giant Red Emperor Tulips 7581
☐18 for $3 ☐33-$5 ☐100-$14.25
Tall Giant Darwin Tulips 7764
☐21 for $3 ☐50-$6.75 ☐100-$12.75
Fantasy Parrot Tulips 7529
☐13 for $3 ☐25-$5.75 ☐50-$10.75
Holland's Glory Hybrid Tulips 7403
☐12 for $3 ☐25-$6.25 ☐50-$11.75
Rare Pink Daffodils 7030
☐9 for $3 ☐25-$7.50 ☐50-$14.00
King Alfred Daffodils 7008
☐11 for $3 ☐25-$7.00 ☐50-$13.25
Giant Trumpet Daffodils 7744
☐13 for $3 ☐23-$5.00 ☐50-$10.75
Large Fragrant Hyacinths 7757
☐13 for $3 ☐25-$5.75 ☐50-$10.50
Large-Flowered Crocus 7772
☐50 for $3 ☐100-$5.55 ☐200-$10.80

EXTRA SAVINGS: I have checked
$3 Specials:
☐ 2 for $5.50
☐ 4 for $10.50
☐ 6 for $15.00

Enclosed is $.....
Please add sales tax if resident of: Pa. 6%, Iowa 3%, Ill. 4%, Cal. 5%

My Name.....
St. or R.R.....
P.O. & State..... ZIP CODE.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Progress Report

Petro-Protein

Because world-wide protein shortages have inflated the prices of animal feed and meat, the Soviet Union is pressing the development of a substitute food source: a single-cell protein grown from petroleum, activated by a microorganism of the yeast family. Current production of the new protein source is limited to 20,000 tons a year from a single industrial plant. But according to Soviet scientist Dr. A. A. Pokrovsky, production is expected to multiply tenfold during the next eighteen months, rising to a million tons annually within the next few years.

Interest in petroleum-grown protein is not confined to the Soviet Union. The British Petroleum Company already has two plants in operation with a third on the way, and Japanese and Italian companies are also entering the field. Nor is the value of single-cell protein confined to animal feed. Dr. Nevin Scrimshaw of M.I.T. foresees the availability of such products for human consumption within three to five years. Commercial products are already under development in both Europe and the United States.

The new technology involved in growing protein from petroleum may also provide another area for U.S.-Soviet cooperation. A massive commitment to easily available, inexpensive protein from soybeans has delayed the development of single-cell proteins in the United States. But with soybeans in short supply because of crop failures and rising demand, the new technology has been proposed as a likely candidate for joint effort under last year's Moscow accords.

Putting on the Brakes

French drivers are infamously lead-footed, but lately they have been treading more lightly on the accelerator. As of July 1 new regulations impose a speed limit of 100 kilometers (about 62 miles) per hour on all previously unregulated French roads. Since 90 percent of the country's road network previously lacked any speed limit at all, the rules will terminate France's year-round, twenty-four-hour-a-day, nation-wide Grand Prix.

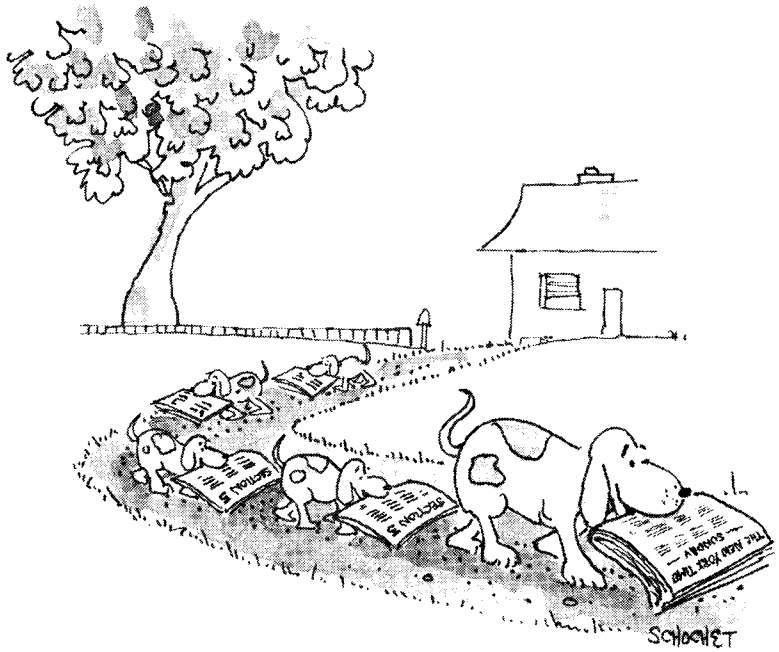
The new regulations, which also include restrictions on truck traffic and tighter licensing laws, are a response to a particularly bloody holiday weekend, during which 166 French drivers were killed and 2667 injured. Last year, France recorded one-third as many traffic deaths as did the United States, which has seven times as many automobiles on the road.

Saving the Sky

One tempting response to urban air pollution has been the dispersion of dirty industries into rural areas, where clean country air can dilute their noxious effluents. The resulting degradation of unsullied skies was halted recently by a split decision of the U.S. Supreme Court, affirming a lower court's strict construction of the 1970 Clean Air Act. As a result of the court's vote—a 4-4 tie, with one justice abstaining—it is illegal for states to permit the degradation of their air from existing standards of purity, even if the air is presently cleaner than the law requires.

The electric-power industry, which has far-reaching plans for the Big Sky country in the West, took the greatest offense to the decision. According to one ranking industry spokesman, the restriction outlaws one-third of the new generating capacity planned for the next six years. Another estimate evaluated the affected power projects at $500 billion. But the coalition of environmental groups and twenty states that won the court case disagreed. Said Sierra Club's Laurence Moss, "Industry is going to have to solve its pollution problems at the source, rather than disperse them throughout the countryside."

ANTHONY WOLFF



Social Science Hype

The social sciences have traditionally been a no-man's land as far as the mass media are concerned. Without press power, social scientists generally lack clout in the political arena. Now, the Advance Communications Group has been created to close the social-science–media communications gap.

The non-profit, Washington-based group intends to stimulate public interest in the social sciences by producing and distributing for TV, radio, and cassette markets easily understood programs on the newest researches in the field. Advance also offers multimedia reportage of social-science seminars, conferences, and special projects, and will cater to the needs of educational and social-concern institutions, government agencies, and industry.

Advance was organized by Joyce Starr, research sociologist at the Drug Abuse Council in Washington, D.C., along with a documentary film maker, a lawyer, and the editor of *Society* magazine.

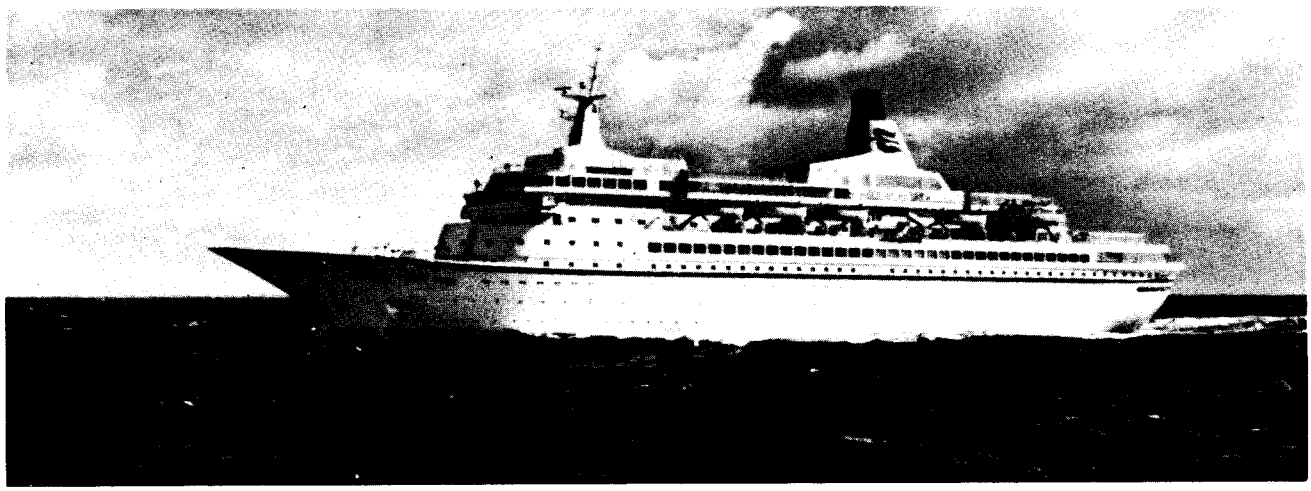
Says Ms. Starr, "The social sciences, unlike the so-called hard sciences, have no media representation. This is because no effort has been made to make our research interesting and available to the press and therefore to the public. Advance will act as a media broker for the social sciences. Our clearinghouse capacity will enable journalists to contact us and find out instantly what kinds of projects are going on across the country, instead of having to wade through lengthy academic reports."

The group believes that continual media exposure will demonstrate the usefulness of social-science endeavors to everyday life and, ultimately, will give the social-science sector more push with policy makers.

HARRIET HEYMAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VIKINGS CAPTURE AFRICA.



With a 57-day safari by ship: the Royal Viking Africa/South America Cruise.

It sails from New York October 14, from Ft. Lauderdale October 18. And it's a total African experience—plus a delightful taste of South America and the West Indies—amid the splendor of a 20th Century Viking ship. Teak-decked and sleek-bowed, the Royal Viking Star is first class throughout and built for one purpose only: to cruise in elegant comfort. With vast, airy public rooms. With 94% of her staterooms outside. With three crewmembers for every five passengers. With Norwegian registry—and spirit.

This Fall, she sails south to Spring. First: very British Barbados, beautiful Bahia, rhythmic Rio. Then across the broad Atlantic, touching remote Tristan da Cunha en route to Africa. And on the way, you'll experience Africa. Aboard ship. In an African film festival, lectures, tribal art and music, and African entertainers. You'll visit Cape Town, Durban, Walvis Bay, Luanda, Tema, Abidjan, Freetown and Dakar, with an optional 5-day inland excursion leaving Cape Town and rejoining the ship in Walvis Bay.

It's more than a cruise. It's an enriching, horizon-expanding experience—a Viking voyage of discovery.

Time a problem? You have several options.
Fly/cruise program. 1. Fly to Rio, 9 days in Brazil, return via Africa by ship. (49 days).
2. Fly to Johannesburg, 7 days in Africa, cruise to New York (32 days).
Cruise segments. Cruise to Rio and/or Durban and fly back OR fly to Rio and/or Africa and cruise back.

Other Viking voyages from the East Coast:
September in Canada Cruise, 14 days. From New York: Sept. 10, '73.
Bermuda/Nassau Cruise, 9 days. From New York: Oct. 4, '73.
Sunny European Cruise, 19 days. From Ft. Lauderdale: May 16, '73 & '74.

For reservations and information, see your travel agent or call us: 800-227-4246 (Canada, 415-398-8000, collect).

To: Cruise Consultant
Royal Viking Line, Dept. D-64
One Embarcadero Center
San Francisco, Calif. 94111

☐ Please send full details on your Africa/South America Cruise.
I would also like to know more about other Royal Viking voyages.

☐ Europe and the Mediterranean (Royal Viking World, Vol. I)
☐ The Caribbean and Mexico (Vol. II)
☐ Pacific and Orient (Vol. III)
☐ Around the World (Vol. IV)
☐ Canada & Bermuda/Nassau

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Travel Agent_____ City_____

ROYAL VIKING LINE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of the World

by Goodman Ace

Hammock Reading

I've been spending the summer reading heavy biographies of departed celebrities in the entertainment world: Tallulah Bankhead (287 pages), Al Jolson (256 pages), Louis B. Mayer (300 pages). At best, the books followed the usual pattern of works on theatrical biographees (a new word, courtesy of the latest edition of *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*). There were the patented lowly beginnings, the struggle to the top, and the final glory or tragic decline. So similar were the stories that although the subjects' trades were disparate—acting, singing, film producing—the names of the books could have been easily interchanged.

At worst, the biographer dug up too few intimacies to shed any light on the lives of the celebrities—their foolish fears or fancies, their insecurities. Nothing beyond their well-publicized eccentricities.

What I am trying so laboriously to get at is that, having known these three particular celebrities, I am able, in instant replay, to recall some minutiae that might initially seem trivial, but which, on close examination, reveal something of the inner man or woman.

For instance, Tallulah. For two seasons I wrote "The Big Show," a prestigious, ninety-minute radio program, with Miss Bankhead lording it over a host of the biggest name guests in show business. I had many moments of private dialogue with her. No, *dialogue* is not the word, since it connotes two people speaking. With Tallulah, one only listened.

Once she told me breathlessly that she was an ardent fan of the New York Giants; she loved baseball and adored her "dahling Giants." Given that cue, we wrote it into the script. She was to say,"I think it's most uncharitable that when the umpires come out on the field at the start of the game, some boorish man rises and sings,'Oh, say can you see?' "

After rehearsal one day she got me into a corner and said she wasn't quite sure what that meant. I explained that the standard joke about umpires concerns their myopia. "Of course, dahling," she laughed. It turned out that her expertise consisted of knowing only whether the Giants had won or lost.

As for Al Jolson, I was privileged to know the world's greatest entertainer on a personal basis. I ran into him one day at the Beverly Hills Hotel. It was then late in his career. Exuberantly he told me he had retired from show business.

"This is the life," he shouted, pointing to the California sunshine. "I live here with my family. We have a bungalow. Come with me and meet my wife and child. Look at those palm trees. Who needs those smelly Shubert dressing rooms? I'm a family man now."

As we climbed the steps to his bungalow, a small dog ran out to greet him. "Hello there, doggy," he said.

"What's the dog's name?" I asked.

"I'll be damned if I know," said the family man.

He relished his talent and his fame. Away from Broadway, while on the road with one of his many Shubert productions, he sated his vanity by seating himself in the theater box office a half-hour before the curtain went up, pretending to be the ticketseller. Since he was not in his blackface makeup, none in the line of theatergoers, hoping for a ticket or two, ever recognized him.

In every town he played, it was standing room only, and lucky for you if you could buy even that. But Jolson always held out four pairs of house seats—third row center.

"Two, please," a young lady would say.

"Yes, mam," Jolson would reply. "Two tickets, here you are."

He laid them facedown on the counter.

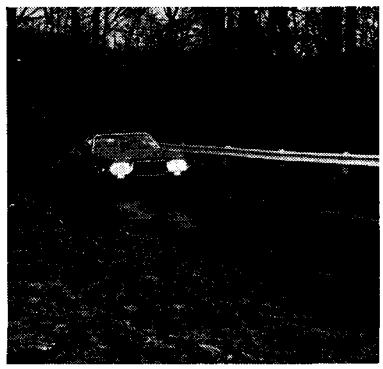
If the young lady made the mistake of trying to turn them faceup to see how close they were, he would take them back.

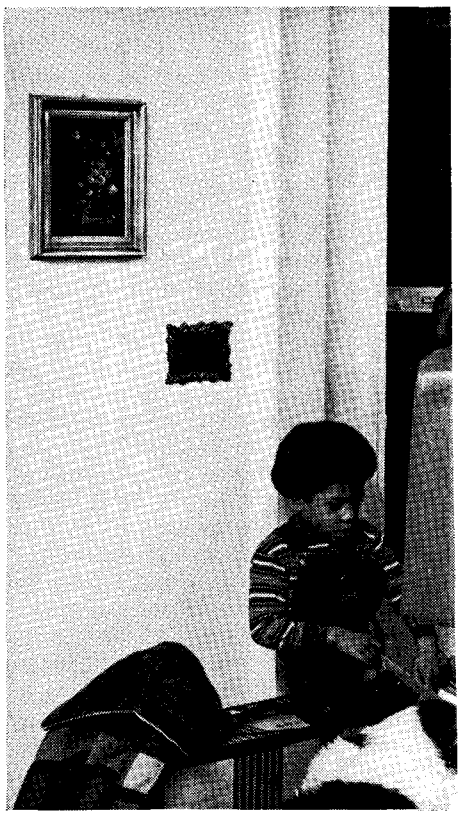
"Sorry, madame," he would say. "You take what you can get. Joley's here, you know. Next."

Louis B. Mayer was the Hollywood mogul who discovered, and nourished into stardom, Garbo, Garland, and Gable. A mighty figure, who moved with ease among the greats of the world. On a visit to New York he lunched at Lindy's, a restaurant patronized in the early days by people in show biz.

Mr. Lindy told me he had hovered over Mr. Mayer's table and asked what he would like for dessert. "Surprise me," said Mayer. Mr. Lindy served half a grapefruit well sprinkled with Grand Marnier. A month later Mr. Lindy showed me a letter from Mr. Mayer:

"Dear Mr. Lindy, please send me a case of that special grapefruit with that juice in it," wrote the mighty man who had discovered the three fabulous G's but not the fourth—Grand Marnier. □





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The one-minute long distance rate. An inexpensive way to say you got home okay.

When you've something short to say, like "I'm home," we've got a way for you to say it for very little money.

It's our late-night and early-morning one-minute rate for long distance calls you dial direct without operator assistance.

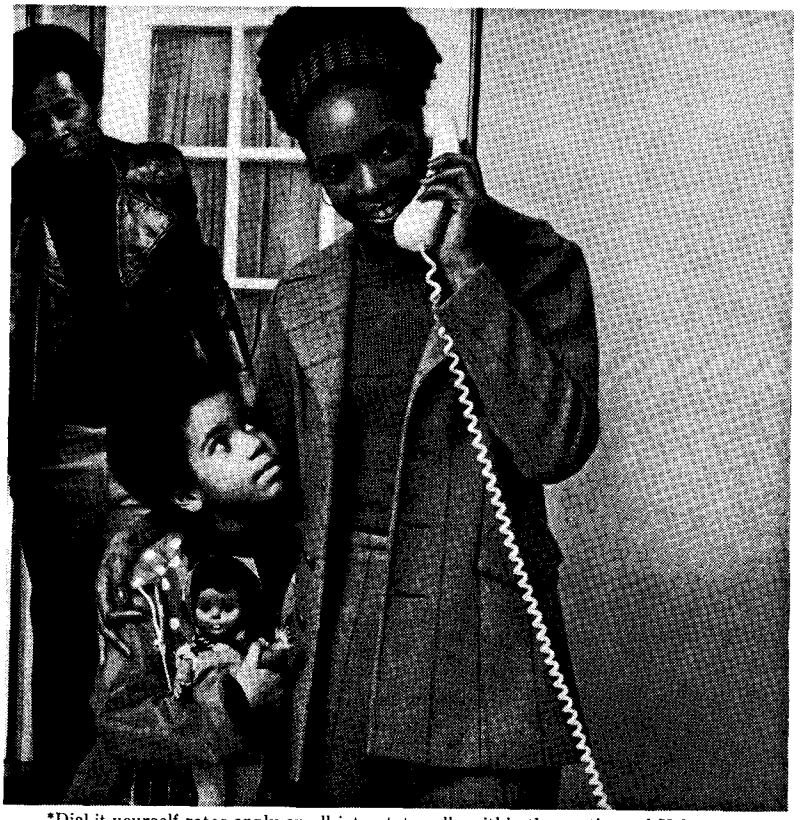
You can use it any time after 11 at night all the way till 8 the next morning.

Any night of the week.

And it won't cost very much. Even coast-to-coast. New York to Los Angeles, for instance, is only 35¢, plus tax (additional minutes are 20¢ each).*

Obviously, most of your calls will take longer, so they'll cost more. But you'll still save money when you dial direct.

At AT&T and your local Bell Company, we want you to know all the ways to use your phone so you can save money. That includes using our late-night one-minute rate and dialing all long distance calls direct.



We hear you.

*Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all interstate calls within the continental U.S. (excluding Alaska) completed from a residence or business phone without operator assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone where direct dialing facilities are not available. For dial-it-yourself rates to Hawaii, check your operator. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel-guest, credit-card, or collect calls, or to calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

Hell hath no fury, apparently, like a housewife scorned. Witness the fury of the letters to the networks over the pre-emption by Watergate of daytime programs. Only on one out of three days, mind you—that was all each network committed itself for.

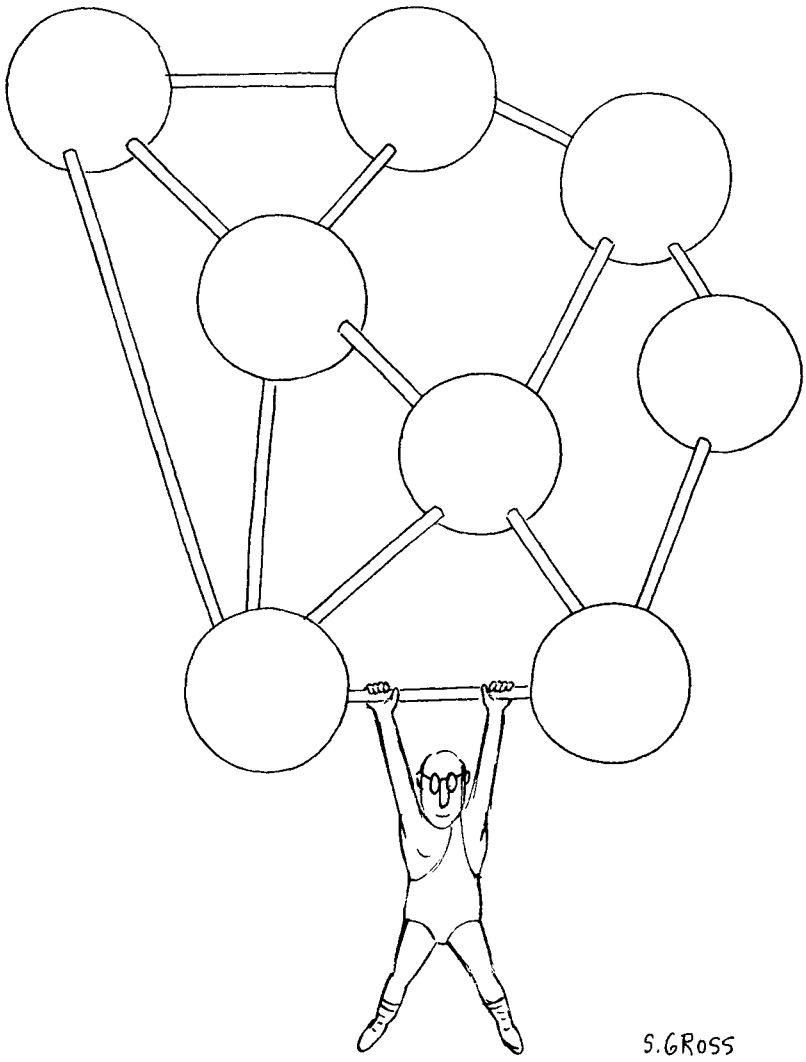
Frankly, we couldn't understand it. What was all the fuss about, anyway? If Watergate wasn't a soap opera, what was it? It was, when you come right down to it, 99-and-44/100-percent-pure daytime programming.

To begin with, you've got to admit it was gamy. It was "Gambit"; "Jeopardy"; "Password"; "Baffle"; "Beat the Clock"; "The Joker's Wild"; "It's Your Bet"; "Let's Make a Deal"; "The Who, What, or Where Game"; "The $10,000 Pyramid"; "The Price Is Right"; even "The New Price Is Right"; and finally, of course, "Sale of the Century."

As for the soaps, if it wasn't "The Guiding Light," it was certainly "The Secret Storm" in "The Edge of Night." And if it wasn't a "Return to Peyton Place," it surely had all the earmarks of a "Search for Tomorrow" in "As The World Turns."

Of course, some of your old favorites would, necessarily, have new stars: "I've Got a Secret," for example, with John Dean; "To Catch a Thief," with James McCord; "To Tell the Truth," with Jeb Magruder; "Twilight Zone," with E. Howard Hunt; "The Dating Game," with John Mitchell; "Bewitched," with Maurice Stans; and finally, "Half a Comedy Hour," or "Stand Up and Cheer," with Haldeman and Ehrlichman.

Then, last but not least, there are those children's shows: "Bugs Bunny," with the Cuban Counterrevolutionary Army; "Hodgepodge Lodge," featuring the Committee to Re-elect the President; "Funky Phantom," with the FBI and the CIA; and finally, "Lidsville." That's not Liddysville, mind you; it's "Lidsville." With, naturally, silent stars only.



BAD BUSINESS NOTE—as found by Phillip Knotts in *The Indianapolis Star*:

God closed down $1.75 an ounce at London at $103.25 and $2.50 an ounce lower at Zurich at $104.

Yes, but church attendance in the first quarter was up.

PRIME CRIME—discovered by Norris Erb of Rockville, Maryland, in *The Washington Post*:

Besides his role in the narcotics-conspiracy case, Henry had previously been arrested here for selling narcotics, counterfeiting, robbery, assault with intent to kill, and the theft of two pork chops.

That's the trouble. You start out doing little things, and you end up a fiend.

WASHINGTON GROUND UP—as spotted by Dexter Strong of Hansville, Washington, in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

Cox, nattily dressed in a gray suit, said Richardson approached him for the first time by tele University of —O— po a ETAO ETA ETAOIN PHONE Wednesday when he was cturing at the University of California at Berkeley.
for several hours Wednesday andssssss PHONE

He said he and Richardson talked by the telephone lines. He said he wa atisfied with them, but that there might "be some tinerking" or changes in the future.

No more tinerking, *please*.

FINALLY, our Household Hint was located by Dr. and Mrs. Richard Lau of Cheshire, Connecticut, in *The Hartford Courant*:

Do not pour cold water into hot pants. Sudden changes of temperature may cause them to warp metal or break glass.

Tough little babes, aren't they? □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-GRAM NO. 29

DANIEL ELLSBERG:
PAPERS ON THE WAR

Even Fidel Castro, Ho Chi Minh, Nasser, and other nationalist leaders of obstreperous former colonies have taken on the guise of Hitler in the eyes of various Western powers seeking to maintain their rule, however exaggerated the image may have seemed to their own allies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Could Psychology Today have prevented the Vietnam War?

Another example of the behavioral discoveries which are shaping the thinking of a new generation of thoughtful readers

"How could we have been so stupid?" President John F. Kennedy asked after he and a close group of advisers had blundered into the Bay of Pigs invasion.

But stupidity was not the answer. The men who participated in the Bay of Pigs decision comprised one of the greatest arrays of intellectual talent in the history of American government.

Yale University psychologist Irving L. Janis spent two years looking for the answer. He studied not only the Bay of Pigs but also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and other policy disasters.

In each case, he found the decision-makers to be victims of certain clear laws of what he calls Groupthink, a process that results in the distortion of sound collective judgment.

Symptoms of Groupthink

"I was surprised to discover," he wrote in a recent article in Psychology Today, "the extent to which each group displayed the typical phenomena of social conformity that are regularly encountered in studies of group dynamics among ordinary citizens.

Janis was able to isolate and illustrate 8 symptoms of Groupthink, such as Feelings of Invulnerability, Rationalization, Assumptions of Inherent Morality, Stereotyped Views of the Adversary, and Pressure to Conform.

Successful Planning Also Studied

As a counterpoint to this gloomy picture, Janis also investigated two highly successful group enterprises, the formulation of the Marshall Plan in the Truman Administration and the handling of the Cuban missile crisis by President Kennedy and his advisers.

From these observations, he has drawn 9 recommendations for preventing Groupthink which can be used by any planning group, whether it's the Pentagon or your local P.T.A.

What if Janis's conclusions had been developed ten years earlier? And what if there had already been a magazine called Psychology Today to communicate world-changing ideas like these to a wide general audience of thoughtful readers? Might it have prevented the tragic American military intervention in Vietnam?

We'll never know. But there is reason to hope that the discoveries being made by psychologists about human and animal behavior today can help prevent "another Vietnam"...if they can be broadly disseminated in time.

What Is Psychology Today?

Psychology Today was born to bring ideas like these into the mainstream of social thinking immediately, to bridge the gap between the behavior lab and the living room.

It took Freud's ideas a generation to trickle through the barrier of learned books and journals to the consciousness of the educated layman.

But Psychology Today brings you the deeply significant psychological theories and discoveries of today as soon as they take shape. Not jazzed up or watered down for popular consumption. But not clouded over with professional jargon either. Just straight and clear, in a way that both professionals and an interested general public can enjoy and appreciate. And visually enhanced with colorful prize-winning graphics that reinforce the tingling feeling of high adventure. Some other recent examples:

Criminals Can Be Brainwashed—Now

Characteristics of the Successful Investor

The Masks We Wear—Hypocritical or Healthy?

Teaching Chimpanzees to Read and Write

The Screaming Cure—Does It Really Work?

Why Fat People Eat Even When They're Not Hungry

How Accurate Are Trial Witnesses?

Shouldn't you be keeping up with Psychology Today? *It costs you nothing* to find out. Just mail the bound-in reply card. We'll send you a copy to read free and enter your name as a trial subscriber at the special introductory rate for new subscribers. However, if you're not delighted with the first issue, simply write "cancel" on the bill and return it without paying or owing anything, keeping the first issue with our compliments.

© CRM Publishing Company 1972

6-D49

psychology today

P.O. Box 2990,
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me, without cost, obligation or commitment, my complimentary copy of the current issue. If I like it, bill me for a year's subscription (11 additional issues for a total of 12 issues in all) at just $6 instead of $12, half the regular price. If I don't like it I will write "cancel" across your bill, return it, and that will end the matter. In either case, the complimentary issue is mine to keep.

*Print Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____ *Zip*_____

Subscriptions outside the U. S. and Canada $2.00 higher.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why even the of American should carry a

There's no executive credit card in the world that's accepted at *every* worthwhile restaurant, *every* fine hotel, *every* shop. Not even Diners Club—the card preferred worldwide, with over 75,000* more member establishments than American Express. (Carte Blanche is a distant third.)

That's why so many executives carry both Diners and American Express. What one doesn't cover, the other almost surely will. (And there's that little extra convenience of paying two smaller monthly bills with different due dates, instead of one big one.)

The first executive card

Whether you're a company president or an executive moving in ever-widening circles, the Diners Club card is essential. (If you only have the other leading executive credit card, it's like having *no card at all in 75,000 places.)*

Of course, Diners is honored throughout the United States where we originated the executive credit card.

And in Europe, you'll find us at 30% more places than American Express. In Latin America, Asia and Africa, at more than three times as many.

With a Diners Club card, you can also take advantage of a most unusual loan service exclusively for members. One that makes it possible to apply for as much as $25,000 without an interview.

Because Diners Club reaches beyond any other executive card, we do have to be a little more cautious. We turn down membership applications others would gladly accept.

But, if you qualify, you'll find the rewards of Diners Club membership to be substantial indeed. Even if you already have another credit card.

Mail the application at the right and see for yourself.

*Figures based on direct comparison of latest published Diners Club and American Express directories.

DINERS CLUB

Executive service is our business

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

president Express Diners Club card.

DINERS CLUB 20-63-991
10 Columbus Circle, New York, New York 10019

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

[PLEASE PRINT ALL INFORMATION]

1. ☐ Personal Account—mail bill to residence ☐ Personal Account—mail bill to office ☐ Company Account—mail bill to office

2. ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Ms. | First Name | Middle | Last | Date of Birth Month Day Year | Spouse (first name)

Home Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Years at Present Address | Own Home ☐ Rent ☐ | Telephone (include area code) | Number of Dependent Children | Social Security Number

Previous Home Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code | Years there

3. Firm Name or Employer | Nature of Business | Position

Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Telephone (include area code) | Years with Firm | Annual Earnings $ | NOTE: If annual earnings are less than $10,000 indicate source and amount of other income below.

Amount and Source of other Income

Previous Employer (if employed by above less than 3 years) or College/University if Recent Graduate | Years with Firm Year Graduated

Spouse's Employer | Address | Position | Annual Earnings $

Name and Address of Personal Reference (not living with you)

4. Bank (when for company account show company banks) Branch Address (City and State) Type of Account Account No.

Bank (when for company account show company banks) Branch Address (City and State) Type of Account Account No.

Credit References (list other major credit references and account numbers)

1.

2.

3.

Previous Diners Club Experience Former Member ☐ Made Application ☐ None ☐ Present Member ☐ Acct. No.

5. $17 FEE: covers 12 months' membership from date card is issued at $15 plus 1 year's subscription to Signature, the Diners Club Magazine, at $2. Subscription optional. Indicate choice below. Do **NOT** enclose check—we will bill you later.

☐ $17 Fee (Includes Signature Magazine) ☐ $15 Fee (Membership Only)

Undersigned authorizes exchange of credit information, the issuance of credit cards as indicated and renewal and replacement thereof. Undersigned agrees that each cardholder assumes joint and several responsibility for all charges with company applicant, if Company Account, or with primary applicant if Personal Account.

Send me an additional Diners Club Card at $7.50 for a member of my immediate family.

First Name | Middle | Last | Signature of Add-on applicant | Relationship

Please send me____ applications for additional cards for members of my firm/family.

Signature of Individual Applicant Date

Signature of Company Officer for Authorization of Company Account Title

[HAVE YOU SIGNED THIS APPLICATION?]

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I Was Saying

by John Ciardi

Summer Specials In Education

California State University at Los Angeles has issued its summer-school catalogue with none of your plain and dreary listing of courses, thank you—its offerings of supermarket culture come in the format of a newspaper, complete with bright, little blurbs in separate boxes to call attention to summer bargain specials.

As one example, the blurb for Biology 898, Human Genetics, reads:

GOT BLUE EYES?
WONDER WHY?

A geneticist looks at human pedigrees as well as *genetic defects in this fascinating course* [italics mine]. Designed specifically for people with one blue eye and one brown, this offering open to all. Explain yourself to yourself.

I am ready to believe there are defects enough in this sort of non-fascinating courses offering, but I doubt that they are genetic: Any adequate education in what used to be called "the disciplines" could, I suspect, have removed the defects while it improved the sentence structure.

It may be that this coy little come-hither was dreamed up by the illiterates of the university's PR office and that the professor of genetics blushed on reading it. It is more likely that he is one of those good-Joe professors who swings with his students and wears beads and levis to the daily funeral of the English language.

The good-Joes argue, of course, that the end justifies the means. Tell that to the double-minded men now testifying remorsefully in the Watergate hearings. In teachers, as in poets, the style is the man. Blurb an idea, and what you have is not an idea but a blurb. By some kind of Gresham's law, cheap ideas drive good ones from the intellectual marketplace.

Whatever the purported content of the course, the style of the offering leads me to believe the professor seeks, not learning, but enrollment and that he will measure his success or failure, not by the quality of the ideas he manages to transmit, but by the number of students he manages to attract.

There is nothing new in such a professorial appetite for popularity. At semester's end the good-Joe's question has always been, "Do they love me?" The good teacher, I insist, will sooner ask, "Have those brats learned anything?" He knows that if they have in fact learned, they have reason enough to love him.

Nor is the popularity pitch merely a symptom of our times. In medieval universities teachers collected payment directly from their students. Popular teachers jingled when they walked, while unpopular ones went hungry. It is not difficult to understand that the hungry would go to clownish lengths to lure students.

What is new is the aggressive eviction from our schools of intellectual standards in order to install self-expression as the ideal end.

So for the sweet chitchattery with which the CSULA *Sindblatt* describes Education 899, Woman's Study:

The purpose of this course is to encourage each person to think through his or her beliefs about women in contemporary society.

Not a word, note, about surveying the beliefs of past and present thinkers on the subject of women. It is enough for one to think through *his own beliefs*, based, one must assume, on nothing more than the promptings of his own sacred and bepiddled psyche.

I am no historian of education and will not attempt to identify the founder of this "philosophy" of education. It has, alas, carried all before it. Let Swinburne speak for me in his version of the Emperor Julian's reputed salute to the newly installed Christian order:

Thou hast conquered, O pale
Galilean; the world has grown
gray from thy breath.
We have drunken of things Lethean,
and fed on the fullness of
death.

For it is a death of mind that allows students, after twelve years of public-school education, to enter college with no intellectual yardsticks except "I think . . . I feel . . . it seems to me . . . in my opinion."

THIS DULL PERSONALIZATION of all concept begins, I suspect, in preschool, when Dick and Jane are given sheets of wet paper, a blob of colored goo, and an invitation to stick their grubby fingers into the mess, and smear.

The result is only incidentally a finger painting: It is, in essence, an object of admiration. Teacher admires it. Once dry, it is taken home, and Mommy not only admires it but tacks it to the wall. When Daddy comes home, he, too, admires.

See, see, Daddy admires the smear. It is a lovely smear. Dick and Jane are artists. They have expressed themselves and are waiting to be admired. Everyone admires them. Has anyone told Dick and Jane there is no such thing as a bad finger painting and, therefore, no such thing as a good one? Don't be silly. That is not encouraging. Encourage them, teacher. Encourage them, Mommy. Encourage them, Daddy. Encourage them to do what any chimpanzee could do as well, and then admire them for it. We love Dick and Jane. We are preparing them to go to summer school at CSULA, where they can think through their own beliefs and explain themselves to themselves.

DICK AND JANE should, by all means, be loved (within reason) and encouraged (still within reason) to express themselves. Let the school system start them with blobs and admire their smears. But if it is to be a school system, it must soon thereafter begin to develop something called *criteria*. The right teaching question is not, "How do you feel about this idea?" but "If this is the idea, what can we use to describe it, define it (if possible), and to evaluate it, not for ourselves alone but as a way of locating agreements and disagreements with the thinking of others who have explored the same idea?" If any sort of thinking is going on, something has to measure it; and "I think, I feel, me, me, me" is not measure enough.

Nor are criteria the enemies of self-expression but the way to a fuller, because more perceptive, mode of expressing oneself.

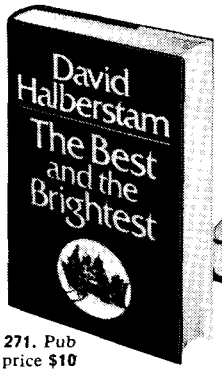
Nor can ideas be independent of the terms in which they are presented. Let the terms be piddling, and then all is piddle.

Yet, perhaps, the CSULA newspaper catalogue is the true unconscious measure of what we always intended when we proclaimed universal literacy as a national ideal. The boys and girls do, generally, learn to read—up to the level of the tabloids. If they are then left to assume that they are capable of reading, say, a book up to the level of, say, mortal idea, why saddle them with the ugly truth? The true goal of democratic education is to leave students with a comfortable social adjustment to their own ignorance. The truth might even leave them feeling inferior, and Dick and Jane have had no experience of that sensation. They would not be happy with it. They might even feel unadmired, un-American, and uncute.

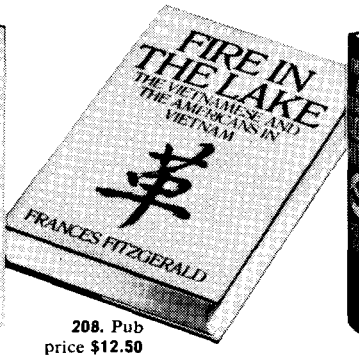
P.S. THE FRIEND who sent me the CSULA catalogue tells me the university had thought of issuing next year's catalogue as a comic book but gave up the idea when the curriculum committee established its prior claim to that format for its texts. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

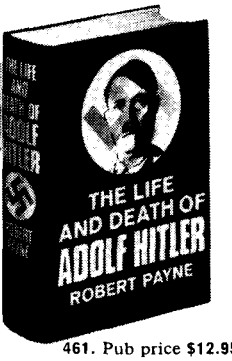
If you have a special interest in contemporary history...



271. Pub price $10

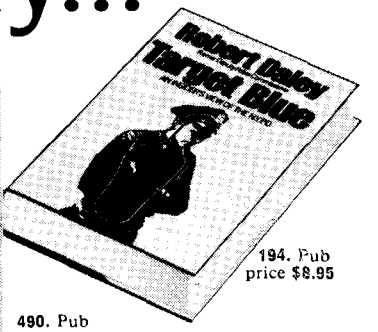


208. Pub price $12.50



461. Pub price $12.95

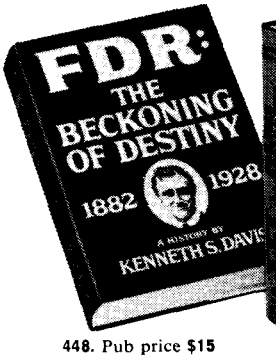
490. Pub price $8.95



194. Pub price $8.95

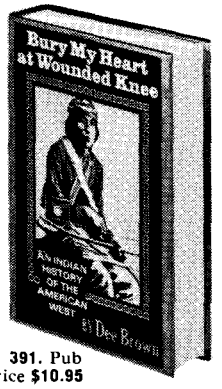
260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Pub price $12.50)

isn't this a good time to join the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB® ?



448. Pub price $15

292. Pub price $10



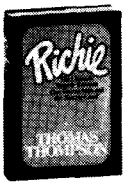
391. Pub price $10.95

These three volumes count as one book

430. AND TO EACH SEASON, LISTEN TO THE WARM, STANYAN STREET AND OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MC KUEN (Pub prices total $13.95)

244. THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK *by* CRAIG CLAIBORNE Illustrated (Pub price $9.95)

489. WRITINGS AND DRAWINGS *by* BOB DYLAN (Pub price $6.95)



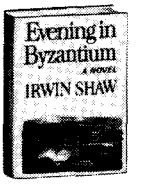
493. Pub price $7.95

580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING Vol. I *by* JULIA CHILD, LOUISETTE BERTHOLLE, SIMON BECK Illustrated (Pub price $12.50)

371. THE PROPHET *by* KAHLIL GIBRAN Illustrated, *Boxed Deluxe Edition* (Pub price $10)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Pub price $15)

127. THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST *Edited by* EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM (Pub price $10.95)



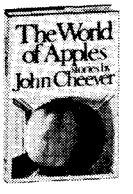
487. Pub price $7.95

491. MY YOUNG YEARS *by* ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN Photographs (Pub price $10)

479. RABBIT BOSS *by* THOMAS SANCHEZ (Pub price $7.95)

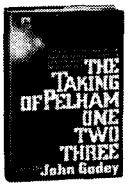
499. *BRIGHT BOOK OF LIFE by* ALFRED KAZIN (Pub price $8.95)

296. *HOW TO BE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND by* MILDRED NEWMAN *and* BERNARD BERKOWITZ *with* JEAN OWEN (Pub price $4.95)



496. Pub price $5.95

221. I'M OK — — YOU'RE OK: A Practical Guide to Transactional Analysis *by* THOMAS A. HARRIS, M.D. (Pub price $5.95)



295. Pub price $6.95

114. EINSTEIN *The Life and Times by* RONALD W. CLARK Photographs (Pub price $15)

218. FOOD IN HISTORY *by* REAY TANNAHILL Illustrated (Pub price $15)

191. PARENT EFFECTIVENESS TRAINING *by* DR. THOMAS GORDON (Pub price $6.95)

364. JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL *by* RICHARD BACH Photographs (Pub price $4.95)

171. Pub price $10

236. HUMAN SEXUALITY *by* JAMES LESLIE MC CARY 2nd edition (Pub price $14.50)

318. THE WINES OF AMERICA *by* LEON D. ADAMS (Pub price $10.95)

495. Pub price $10.95

CHOOSE ANY 4 FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at special members' prices

BOOKS THAT ANALYZE, interpret and discuss the major events and ideas of our time are among the hundreds offered each month by the Book-of-the-Month Club. The trial suggested here will prove, by your own experience, how effectually membership in the Club can **keep you from missing** these and other important books.

As long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts — up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All of these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in format, size and quality.**

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, at least one Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.50** — somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets — will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system enables members to save **70% or more** of what they would otherwise have to pay.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

488. GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY *by* HEINRICH BÖLL (Pub price $7.95)

177. Pub price $12.50

119. ELEANOR The Years Alone *by* JOSEPH P. LASH *Photographs* (Pub price $9.95)

460. GRAVITY'S RAINBOW *by* THOMAS PYNCHON (Pub price $15)

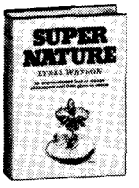
154. A WOMAN NAMED SOLITUDE *by* ANDRÉ SCHWARZ-BART (Pub price $5.95)

478. FACING THE LIONS *by* TOM WICKER (Pub price $7.95)

401. THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE *by* COLIN TURNBULL Photographs (Pub price $7.95)

140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd rev. ed. Illustrated (Pub price $9.95)

494. IN THE DAYS OF SIMON STERN *by* ARTHUR A. COHEN (Pub price $8.95)



359. Pub price $7.95

375. OUR BODIES, OURSELVES *by* THE BOSTON WOMEN'S HEALTH BOOK COLLECTIVE Photographs (Pub price $8.95)

196. THE MATLOCK PAPER *by* ROBERT LUDLUM (Pub price $7.95)

207. THE HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS (Pub price $12)

132. Pub price $10

469. *THE CHILDREN OF COLUMBUS by* ERIK AMFITHEATROF (Pub price $8.95)

245. WHAT DO YOU SAY AFTER YOU SAY HELLO? *by* ERIC BERNE, M.D. (Pub price $10)

437. WOODSTOCK CRAFTSMAN'S MANUAL-2. *Edited by* JEAN YOUNG Illustrated (Pub price $10)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World

Editor
Norman Cousins

Managing Editor
Peter Young

International Editor
Roland Gelatt

Executive Editor
Richard L. Tobin

Editorial Director
Horace Sutton

Literary Editor
Midge Decter

Lively Arts Editor
Hollis Alpert

Senior Editors
Hallowell Bowser, Roger M. Williams

Editors-at-Large
U Thant, R. Buckminster Fuller, J. Robert Moskin

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace, Cleveland Amory, Frank Appleton, John Ciardi, Fairfield W. Hoban, Katharine Kuh, Thomas H. Middleton, Leo Rosten, Margaret R. Weiss

Art Director
Judith Adel

Copy Editor
Harriet Heyman

Assistant Editors
Sharon Fass
Susan Heath
Dena Kaye

Publisher
S. Spencer Grin

Vice-Chairman
Walter H. Johnson, Jr.

WORLD BALANCE SHEET

It is now four years since U Thant, then the secretary-general of the United Nations, addressed these words to the U.N. delegates:

I do not wish to seem overdramatic, but I can only conclude from the information that is available to me as secretary-general that the members of the United Nations have perhaps ten years left in which to subordinate their ancient quarrels and launch a global partnership to curb the arms race, to improve the human environment, to defuse the population explosion, and to supply the required momentum to world-development efforts.

U Thant was attempting to fix the attention of the United Nations on the condition of the planet rather than on international politics and the joustings of nations in the balance-of-power arena. His main concern was that the life-support system of the earth was running down and that the national governments, far from responding to a common challenge, were intensifying the problem.

Two-fifths of the time available in U Thant's analysis has now expired. What has been done since 1969 in the way of planetary planning and action to meet the challenges he defined?

Beginning with the world arms race, the most important single gain is that bacteriological stockpiles in the United States and the Soviet Union have been eliminated and their further manufacture curtailed. Also, the United States and the Soviet Union have arrived at various agreements in the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks. Unfortunately, these agreements have been more concerned with future weapons development than with far-ranging disarmament. Nor have the SALT agreements resulted in any reductions in military spending by the two countries. The United States has a larger military budget today than it did at the peak of the war in Vietnam.

For the world as a whole, $240 billion will be spent by the world's peoples this year for weapons and military programs. This is about 20 percent higher than in 1969. Military programs, in fact, represent the largest single item of human activity. Nothing that is made on this planet is in as great abundance as destructive force—neither food nor clothing nor medicine nor educational materials.

By contrast, food shortages exist on every continent. Mass famine is a terrifying reality in West Africa. Ten million people face possible death through starvation. This fact has yet to touch off a mobilization for mercy throughout the world. Bangladesh is another area requiring massive outside aid. For a time, U.N. relief missions were able to maintain some semblance of control over the area ravaged by war and flooding. But in recent months the general situation has been worsening, and the present needs are hardly even being approached by United Nations or other sources.

Elsewhere in the world, crop failures and the rapid increase in population are placing the greatest burden on land resources in history. Only a minute fraction of the world's land—something in the order of 3 or 4 percent—is suitable for feeding almost 4 billion human beings. Meanwhile, millions of acres are being taken out of cultivation each year for spreading cities and roadways.

People who live in cities no longer can take breathable air or drinkable water for granted. In the past year alone, 12 billion pounds of sulphur dioxide and 30 billion pounds of carbon monoxide have been added to the world's atmosphere. Heavy contamination in the sea and ocean surrounding Japan has jeopardized that nation's primary source of food. Levels of mercury in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans have reduced the world's general store of food from the sea. In some parts of the industrialized world, including the United States, asbestos has turned up in ordinary tap water.

Meanwhile, France and China have been carrying out large nuclear test explosions, adding strontium 90 and other radioactive materials to the burden of poisons already being carried in the air.

On the plus side of the balance sheet, the United Nations has created a world environmental agency with headquarters in Nairobi under the direction of Maurice Strong. It is too early to tell whether Mr. Strong's agency will have authority commensurate with the problem, but at least a counterattack on environmental poisoning is at long last under way.

In the large, the world's leaders have not taken U Thant's warning seriously. If the next four years show no greater progress than has occurred during the past four years, then the ominous predictions of the Club of Rome may eventuate ahead of schedule. What makes the present situation all the more inexplicable and devastating is that never before has the human race had available to it more knowledge or advanced techniques for meeting all its problems than it has today. But human intelligence and ingenuity have yet to be adequately trained on survival problems of the species. National governments today act as a brake on survival efforts and not as a spur.

The crisis today, therefore, remains as it has always been—a crisis of intelligence. The human race is potentially smart enough to survive. What remains to be proved is whether it is smart enough to know it is in serious trouble, and smart enough to apply its knowledge and its energies to its common problems. N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters From Readers

Who Holds the Sack?

I hear comments that the Office of the President is too important to receive a full measure of justice and that the consequences of mismanagement or bad judgment by the President should be overlooked "in the best interests of the country." I for one cannot accept this....

I recall an experience I had many years ago as captain of my first submarine when the commodore set me straight on who "has the sack" and who must pay the price for the performances of people working under him. During a routine surface transit, one of my young officers of the deck made a very bad error in judgment and almost got us rammed by a cruiser. . . . For some unknown reason, the young O.O.D. did not report the incident to me or make any entry in the log. But the irate cruiser skipper sent a scathing letter to my commodore. The first news I had of the incident was back in port when the commodore presented me with the letter and asked, "How come?"

My first reaction was anger over the performance and silence of the O.O.D. I responded that a captain could hardly be held accountable for unreported events or for consequences of the actions of crew members who failed to follow instructions. The commodore's reply has always stuck in my mind, and I can't help drawing a parallel with Watergate:

"Get one thing straight! *You've* got the sack on that ship; that's why you were put there. When you qualified that officer to take the deck, you, in effect, said his actions were your actions. If you didn't think so, it was your responsibility to get someone up there in whom you had confidence—or stay up there yourself.

"It's the price of command. The rank and privileges of being called 'Captain' are only part of the job. If this ship gets in trouble because of the people you have delegated responsibility to, *you* are the one who will lead the procession of those looking down that long green table. Don't ever forget it!"

I never did. That's why it's difficult for me to accept a notion that full justice for any level of government—even for the top—can be waived in the name of national expediency.

Allen Burdett Catlin
Commander, U.S. Navy (Retired)
Fullerton, California

Opposition to Inevitability

As a New York-based Boeing-747 captain, I have been a publicly announced opponent of the SST for more than ten years ("The Inevitable SST," June 5). . . . Mr. Butz writes, "Speed is the mainspring of air transport" and thereby enunciates the primary fallacy of his position. *Safety, reliability, comfort,* and *economy* are the mainsprings, and the SST flunks on all four. . . . In these days of fuel shortages, it seems stupid to initiate a vehicle that raises the consumption of fuel per passenger- or ton-mile to an astronomical level. The citizens of Britain, France, and the USSR have been saddled with a resource waste that they, and this plundered planet, can ill afford.

William Karraker
Redding Ridge, Connecticut

If I have anything to say in the matter, the development of the SST will be anything but inevitable. I see no particular advantage in going any faster than we do now—we already are moving too quickly, worshipping speed and technological innovation, yet neglecting our humanity and destroying the environment that ultimately must sustain us. I am only twenty, supposedly one of the inheritors of the earth, and I don't see a very magnificent legacy in high-speed gadgets to whip us from one uninhabitable urban center to another. If governments and manufacturers have so much money they can afford to finance an airplane of dubious benefit, why can't they use some to reverse population growth, make livable human habitats, and turn underdeveloped land into natural parkland?

Scott A. Rogers
Bedford, Texas

The arguments raised in the Senate and by environmental groups, such as Friends of the Earth, against the SST are still valid. The economics of it are terrible, and the social gains (cost-benefit ratio) are poor. If private industry believes that the SST is economically feasible, let them develop their own product. The root question is whether American taxpayers should subsidize something that will be of minimum benefit for a few people and is likely to have an adverse effect on the environment of many. . . .

It is not stated in the article just who would gain from the SST—only that it is "inevitable" because some countries are developing them. . . .

Robert Sommer
Davis, California

West Coast Currents

As an alien with rather extensive travels behind me, I wish to compliment Peter Schrag for having dug a finger into the plastic belly button of California ("How the West Was Lost," June 5).

On entering the megalopolis, I found it to have: the dirtiest sidewalks of any town I had previously inhabited or visited . . . ; more hooting police cars, ambulances, fire trucks speeding along, sirens ablaring . . . ; and the most vocal population. Native or adopted, it expresses its likes or dislikes with an ease, a spunkiness, never before encountered.

I have, however, added my own p.s. to these original opinions. The overt glibness is shallow; the enthusiasm is of minute duration. After a while one discovers an undercurrent of boredom; Los Angeles looks for Something Else; Angelenos are quick to jump aboard any Good Cause. They jump off it at the first rut or detour. Then they await the apparition of the next Humanely Motivated Cause. . . .

Is it the sun or the smog that has caused the shallow atmosphere?

Michele Mooney
Los Angeles, California

"For Heaven's sake, George! Quit trying to remember suitable quotes and just enjoy it."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dennis Brack: Black Star

Kissinger—*A need to "reinvigorate shared ideals."*

Erich Hartmann: Magnum

Brandt—*"Economic tension leading to political strain."*

THE TROUBLED ATLANTIC ALLIANCE

by Richard C. Longworth

Is the U.S.-Western Europe partnership in danger of collapse? An American correspondent reports on the many strains that may soon turn the great postwar "transatlantic dialogue" into a "dialogue of the deaf."

Helsinki, Finland

The Soviet Union rubbed the shine off the Conference on European Security and Cooperation last month when its spokesman implied to a press conference that, for all the declarations on "noninterference" approved here, the Russians would repeat their 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia if need be. A European diplomat, lamenting this later over drinks at one of the conference's nightly receptions, confided his belief that the Soviets made the statement only after checking it out first with President Nixon. The Brezhnev doctrine, he said, is endorsed by Washington.

Farfetched? Undoubtedly; yet this assumption of American bad faith is a constant refrain these days in Western Europe, where governments fear that the Nixon administration, in its rush to Russia, is selling out its allies. Unfortunately the administration, by design or dereliction, has allowed this attitude to flourish to the point where attempts by Secretary of State William P. Rogers to reassure Europeans at the security conference fell largely on skeptical ears.

This situation, while now a hinderance to policy, is not new. Back in 1965 an American scholar surveyed relations between Western Europe and the United States and found them troubled by basic disputes over "the nature of Atlantic relationships, the future of Europe, and the relative influence of the various partners. For the first time since the war," he continued, "there exists an open challenge not just to the technical implementation of American plans but to the validity of American conceptions."

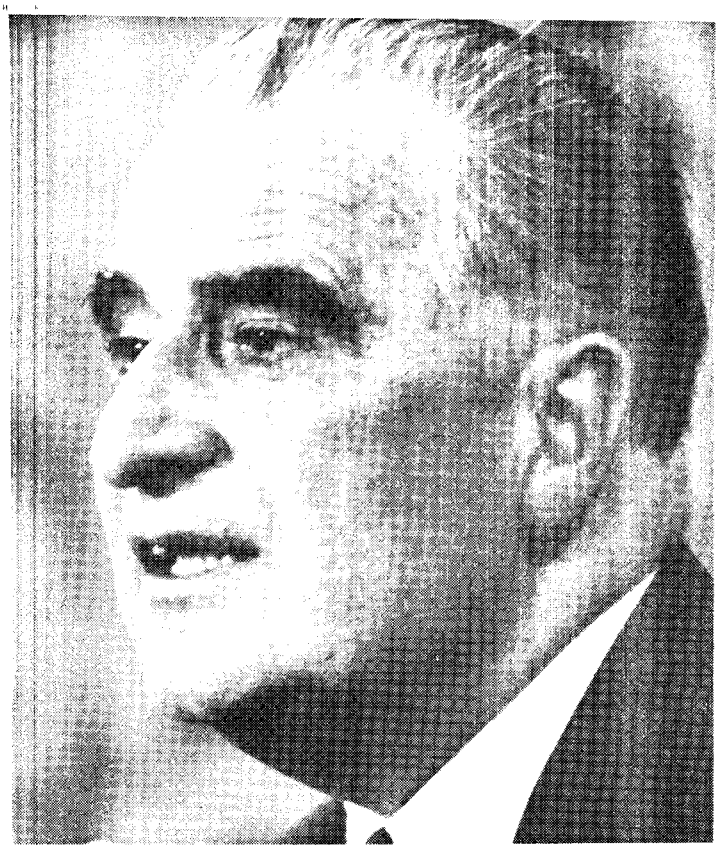
Considering that the author of these prescient lines was Henry Kissinger, it should not astonish the Nixon administration to learn that there is still a problem in Western Europe. This problem, years in the making, will come to a head this year. It is serious enough to unhinge the entire Western alliance on which the postwar world has been built. Yet there is no sign that the White House recognizes the gravity of the situation or is mustering the statesmanship necessary to solve it

PART OF THE TROUBLE probably is inevitable. It has to do with the Western world's urgent need to reform its trade and monetary systems while it faces the dilemma of defense in a peaceful part of the world. But another part is the American misreading of the notion of "Europe"—what it is and what it wants—and the European suspicion, sometimes border-

Richard C. Longworth is Brussels correspondent for United Press International. He covers the Common Market, NATO, and other Europe-wide diplomatic activities.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eve Arnold: Magnum
Heath—*The U.S. and Europe—". . . a revivified Atlantic alliance."*



Bruno Barbey: Magnum
Pompidou—*"Europe must affirm its individual personality."*

ing on paranoia, of American intentions.

All this is going to smite the President during 1973, which he has labeled, perhaps patronizingly, the Year of Europe. During the year steps will be taken to reshape the familiar, obsolescent world formed at Yalta and Bretton Woods. Before the end of 1973 Nixon plans a grand tour of Western Europe to drum up support for the "New Atlantic Charter"—an idea floated by Kissinger. The lukewarm European response so far has surprised Americans who saw the charter as the cure for the ills of the West. Instead, it has failed to overcome a catalogue of hard feelings—left to fester during the many years of Vietnam—and resentment at past American slights.

An example is Kissinger's role in starting talks on Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions in central Europe. The Nixon administration, knowing Congress will sooner or later force it to withdraw some of its troops in Germany, conceived MBFR as a means to persuade Russia to do likewise. The European NATO nations, which oppose any U.S. pullback, went along reluctantly. The Russians, not surprisingly, stonewalled until Kissinger flew to Moscow in September; he parlayed with Leonid Brezhnev, then sent an aide to Brussels to tell the NATO nations that it was all set—date, place, participants. The Europeans grumbled that Washington and Moscow had conspired to settle MBFR—which is, after all, about Europe—over the head of the Europeans. But because they felt MBFR was inevitable, they bought the idea. (Several European diplomats took petty revenge, however, by leaking the news of the agreement in Brussels, preventing Nixon from making pre-election hay with it in Washington.)

As it turned out, the agreement came badly unstuck. When the talks began, the Russians insisted on altering the participants and, therefore, the territory to be negotiated. The United States, anxious to get MBFR going, urged acceptance of the Soviet proposals. The Europeans, thoroughly fed up, balked for three months, then gave in.

The Soviet objections were defensible. But the Europeans came away with one of two opinions: Either Kissinger gummed up the original arrangements, in which case the United States was both overbearing and sloppy, or the whole thing was cooked up in advance by the two superpowers. Either way, it left the Europeans feeling like pawns.

This cavalier attitude toward European feelings also surfaced in an administration suggestion that world-trade talks should reduce all industrial tariffs to zero. This zero-tariff idea has a fine ring to it. But, as Washington knows well, it is a red flag to the Europeans. The basic accomplishment of the Common Market nations so far has been their Customs Union—the abolition of tariffs among themselves while a common tariff wall is built against the rest of the world. To dismantle this tariff wall is to undo the Customs Union. Why, then, have a Common Market at all?

This line of reasoning led some Europeans, particularly the French, to conclude that the United States wanted to destroy the Common Market. Actually, the zero-tariff idea never had a chance: Can anyone imagine Congress's accepting it? The only result was to give the Europeans unnecessary qualms.

On one side of the Atlantic, thoughtlessness; on the other, touchiness. Both the result of some ironies of history, in Isaac Deutscher's phrase, at a time when calm cooperation is needed.

It was barely a decade ago that the Kennedy administration was proclaiming its "grand design" for transatlantic partnership. A pillar of this plan was Britain's entry into a politically united Common Market, to become an Anglo-Saxon bridge linking the new world with the old in friendship and prosperity. This fancy was taken more seriously in America than in Europe, and it shattered on General de Gaulle's veto of British entry. The trauma of that veto hit Washington nearly as hard as it hit London, because it required an exercise detested by politicians—the jettisoning of an untenable policy.

De Gaulle went further. He said one big European federation was pernicious and probably impossible. Instead, he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ostpolitik of Willy Brandt

After seven years of negotiation, bickering, and openly expressed Western skepticism of its usefulness, the Conference on European Security and Cooperation finally opened in Helsinki July 3. Whatever its results, the mere convening of the meeting emphasized that a new stage in East-West relations has opened in Europe. Coming so soon after Leonid I. Brezhnev's recent visits to Bonn, Washington, and Paris, the Helsinki conference provided additional evidence of the fading—though not the complete disappearance—of many old cold war tensions born in 1945–48.

Many politicians have contributed to the dramatic improvement of the atmosphere between Eastern and Western Europe recently, but none more so than West German Chancellor Willy Brandt. His name has now become inseparable from his *Ostpolitik*, his "Eastern Policy," whose goals of conciliation and rapprochement with Moscow and its Warsaw Pact allies have been achieved.

Last May, at the conclusion of his visit to Bonn, Leonid I. Brezhnev himself paid tribute to the chancellor and his policies, publicly hailing "the realism, will, and farsightedness displayed by the leaders of the Federal Republic of Germany, above all, Federal Chancellor Willy Brandt."

Both supporters and opponents of Brandt's *Ostpolitik*—and there are many of each in West Germany—agree that the chancellor earned Mr. Brezhnev's tribute. Supporters, of course, feel that Chancellor Brandt removed the old, fruitless causes of East-West friction and created the conditions needed now for East-West friendship and cooperation in the future. Opponents argue that all Chancellor Brandt did was to surrender unconditionally to Moscow.

The essence of Brandt's *Ostpolitik* was the decision at long last to accept the reality of Germany's defeat in World War II and the unpleasant consequences flowing from that defeat. Among those unpleasant consequences were the incorporation into Poland of much of the territory that was eastern Germany in 1939, before Hitler invaded Poland, and the creation as an independent state of the political entity formerly termed the Soviet Occupied Zone of Germany but now called the German Democratic Republic. By a series of treaties with the Soviet Union, Poland, and East Germany, Chancellor Brandt—and the West Germany he heads—has now recognized the Oder-Neisse line as Poland's western frontier and has accepted the political realities of two German states.

Brandt's supporters point out that nothing has been changed in reality, and only illusions have been destroyed—illusions holding that in some mysterious, unspecified way, the territories lost to Poland could be regained and East Germany reunited with West Germany—all without paying the suicidal price of nuclear World War III. In return for giving up these illusions, Brandt's supporters argue, West Germany has been able to normalize its relations with Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union and even to obtain admission, at long last, to the United Nations simultaneously with East Germany. And Moscow, it is noted, now officially regards West Germany as a peace-loving state, not as a nest of "revanchists" waiting impatiently to set off World War III in pursuit of a megalomaniacal dream of restoring pre–World War II German territory and national unity. The German issue—so long the chief irritant of East-West relations in Europe—has been solved, and that solution has contributed mightily to the overall reduction of tensions.

There are, of course, still skeptics in both Washington and Moscow and perhaps an even larger number of skeptics in the Eastern European capitals. Those who worry in Washington fear that Brandt gave up too much for too little. Moreover, they see West Berlin withering on the vine and dropping into Communist hands before many years are over. The Moscow skeptics, conversely, have neither forgotten nor forgiven Hitler's 1941 invasion of the Soviet Union. They sincerely believe the only good German is a dead German and are convinced that all Bonn has done under Brandt has been to abandon old crude tactics that had proved useless. They see West Germany's present protestations of friendship as dangerous, subtle tactics aimed at the same old goal of reunifying Germany and establishing German dominance over Europe. Finally, from Warsaw to Belgrade there are Eastern European worriers who fear that the essence of the Brezhnev-Brandt deal involves the betrayal of the interests of the Eastern European Communist regimes in return for massive West German economic aid to the Soviet Union.

Only time can tell which of these analyses, if any, is correct. But certainly not all the fears entertained among all the skeptical observers—in East and West alike—can be simultaneously correct, and for the moment both Brandt and Brezhnev have powerful incentives to demonstrate that their agreement is mutually beneficial. HARRY SCHWARTZ

wanted a loose "Europe of Fatherlands." This Europe, he said, should be "independent" of the United States, because European and American priorities seldom coincide. He predicted that America's nuclear umbrella over Europe would be folded in a crisis, because Washington would not risk a Soviet attack on American cities. He even warned of a Soviet-American deal behind European backs—an unthinkable hypothesis at the time.

De Gaulle now lies beside the village church at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. The more strident forms of Gaullism are hushed. His successor, Georges Pompidou, and President Nixon get along fine. Britain is in the Common Market now, with Pompidou's blessing.

And yet the Gaullist ghost, looking down from whatever Valhalla it now inhabits, must raise a titanic snort over the posthumous acceptance of the general's ideas into the conventional wisdom. Britain is no more anxious than France to submerge Queen and Parliament into some United States of Europe. Despite plans to create an ill-defined "European Union" by 1980, there is little chance for any true political union this side of the twenty-first century. After fifteen years the Common Market amounts to no more than a successful Customs Union and an unsuccessful farm policy. The European Parliament has no power. With each nation holding a veto, the European Community cannot take the dramatic initiatives available to national governments. There is no foreign policy, transport policy, energy policy. Planners even have trouble making the ends of superhighways meet at frontiers. Wistful attempts at cross-border industrial cooperation have produced—the Concorde. The most that can be expected is a continuing cooperation among sovereign states. In other words, a Europe of Fatherlands.

Similarly, few Europeans argue now that what is good for America is good for Europe. Vietnam killed this notion for good. Yet Nixon, miffed at European criticism of his Christmas bombing of Hanoi, postponed his grand tour from spring to autumn—a peevish start to the Year of Europe.

EVEN THE nuclear umbrella is beginning to leak, as de Gaulle prophesied. David Kennedy, whom Nixon tried to make defense secretary, told Europeans recently that the United States "will not use its nuclear forces against the USSR short of a dire threat to the survival of the United States." An attack on Europe would not be a "dire threat," he said, unless there was true transatlantic "interdependence"—a clear demand for European acquiescence in trade.

Lord Chalfont, a former British minis-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ken Rinciari

A "Europe of Fatherlands"—*"The most that can be expected is a continuing cooperation among sovereign states."*

ter, agreed that "Western Europe cannot expect to engage in full-scale economic cooperation with the United States while continuing to rely for its security on American military power. . . . The transatlantic gravy train is about to be taken out of service." He urged his fellow Europeans to do some serious thinking about their military future. But as Chalfont recognized, an all-European defense policy appears no closer than a European foreign policy or a European political union.

Here lies the cruelest irony: that the United States, overimpressed by Britain's belated entry into the Common Market, has turned suddenly from Vietnam to see a supposedly strong and united Europe —at the very moment when Europeans are realizing that this Europe does not exist. American perception of a "rivalry" from this "equal partner" is particularly resented, because Europeans know that, for all their new prosperity, the United States is still much stronger—in arms, in industry, in money.

EVERY ANALYSIS of European-American disputes notes that they spring from success—the success of a generous and farsighted U.S. foreign policy that built a devastated Europe into a wealthy continent, which, like a grown son, now stands on its own feet and talks back to the old man. That this is true does not make it relevant. Pompidou, while acknowledging fully this American aid, has said that "foreign policy is not based on gratitude. . . . The very closeness of these links requires that Europe affirm its individual personality with regard to the United States." Like any offspring, Europe seldom grows more cooperative when reminded of its debt.

Instead, the Europeans will be looking to their own national or Continental advantage when discussing the issues with the Americans this year. A quick look at those issues shows what is at stake:

• President Nixon, weakened by Watergate, may be forced by Congress to withdraw unilaterally some of the 313,000 GIs based in Europe, instead of waiting for an MBFR agreement. The only thing that could prevent this is help from the European NATO members to pay more of the $7 billion that these troops cost each year. This would be unpopular among European voters, who feel that (1) the Americans should continue keeping the nasty Russians at bay and (2) the Russians aren't really nasty any more. There is, therefore, a strong chance of a U.S. pullback of some of these troops. Would Europeans take up the slack? A meeting of members of European parliaments said recently that Europe more likely would trim its own defense budgets. Denmark already has cut back so much—to an army of only 8700 men—that NATO has accused it of shirking. Other nations are "streamlining." This could hasten detente—or "Finlandize" Western Europe. At the least it could force NATO strategists to make up for the shortage of ground troops by switching defense planning back to the old nuclear "massive retaliation."

• World-trade talks will open late this year. They will last two years and will try to expand the world trade that has created the immensely productive postwar Western market. The Europeans want the United States to lower its industrial tariffs, which generally run higher than those in Europe, and to dismantle such "non-tariff barriers" as quotas and export subsidies. The Americans want a reform of Europe's controversial Common Agricultural Policy (CAP), a protectionist device that keeps America's efficient and low-cost farmers from cracking the creaky, high-price European farm market. But almost every U.S. tariff has a powerful defender in Congress, and the CAP is a sacred cow in France. All this could be solved in an atmosphere of good will. But with Congress in a protectionist mood and the Europeans too disunited to

(Continued on page 22.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN TROOPS IN EUROPE: THREAT OR SAFEGUARD?

by Edward L. King

The U.S. military force in Europe is too large and too costly, and the reasons for keeping it that way are invalid. Moreover, far from protecting the world from nuclear holocaust, it actually increases the likelihood of nuclear war.

At present 313,000 American military personnel, accompanied by 250,000 military-sponsored dependents, are stationed in Europe. The cost of maintaining them, together with armed-service personnel based in the United States but oriented to missions in Europe, has been climbing steadily —to $17 billion in fiscal 1973—and it has contributed to a U.S. balance of payments outflow of roughly $5 billion for the same year. These are costs that the American economy can no longer tolerate without compelling justification, and in this case there is simply no such justification.

According to the Department of Defense, there are two basic national-security objectives that provide the rationale for U.S. force levels and overseas deployments. These objectives are: (1) to preserve the United States as a free and independent nation, safeguard its fundamental institutions and values, and protect its people; (2) to contribute to the security of other nations with whom we have treaties or whose security makes a significant impact on our security.

In accomplishing the latter objective, the Defense Department cites "U.S. commitments under primary applicable treaties" as the justification for a large part of the military-manpower requests for fiscal 1974. But no specific manpower requirements are set forth in either the NATO or SEATO treaties. The NATO treaty does not specify any level of U.S. military force. It does not even require that members take military action. The size and composition of any U.S. military force assigned to NATO is determined solely by the U.S. government.

Thus the NATO treaty does not constitute a legitimate justification for the Defense Department's commitment of some 500,000 armed-service personnel (including the U.S.-based personnel) to the initial defense of NATO Europe. The NATO-committed force consists of eight army and marine divisions, six aircraft carriers, more than eighty surface warships and attack submarines, and twenty-one air squadrons. This force was agreed to by the U.S. executive branch during talks with NATO allies; it is not an honoring of obligations under NATO treaty articles.

What is the stated rationale behind this huge, costly, and unnecessary maintenance of military manpower? After the fallacious NATO-treaty argument, it is, of course, the oft-cited "threat of Soviet aggression." The Defense Department has described this so-called threat in exactly the same words for the past four fiscal years:

> While we do not consider aggression by the USSR likely in the present political climate, the fact remains that the Soviets have a vital interest in preserving the status quo in central Europe and in retaining their hold on Eastern Europe. A crisis that could lead to a conflict could arise if the political situation substantially changed in a way that threatened the USSR or its hegemony over Eastern Europe, or if a Soviet government saw opportunities for other ways to apply critical pressures on the cohesion of the [NATO] Alliance. Such a crisis could escalate to hostilities.

Apparently in pursuit of this reasoning, the United States is maintaining more troops in Europe today than it did in June 1961, immediately prior to the build-up occasioned by the Berlin crisis. This increase has occurred despite the obvious reduction in the scope and magnitude of the Soviet threat to Europe, a reduction brought about by Sino-Soviet hostility, detente in central Europe, a Berlin agreement, a SALT agreement, the recent Nixon-Brezhnev summit, and increased trade between East and West.

Even if the Soviet threat to Europe is accepted as real and continuing, U.S. preparation for meeting it militarily is unsound. The stated mission of our conventional, general-purpose manpower in Europe is to provide a means of phased "flexible response" to a Soviet ground attack. But if an attack were to occur, it is doubtful that U.S. deployments in central Europe would be able to respond successfully in a purely conventional manner. Our troops are not positioned, trained, manned, or equipped to conduct an effective, non-nuclear, initial forward defense unless given a warning and a mobilization period consisting of about thirty days.

With such a thirty-day warning and mobilization period prior to the commencement of hostilities, U.S. divisions could, according to the Defense Department, be repositioned to more effective battle locations; reinforcements could be flown in from the United States; some of the dependents could be evacuated; and usable wartime lines of supply and communication (which are presently non-existent) could be opened.

However, an unforeseen attack would make it impossible to accomplish any of these requirements or to gain necessary air superiority to permit the landing of airlifted U.S. reinforcements. And airlifted reinforcements are essential to any hope of establishing a conventional forward defense in central Europe.*

The Defense Department admitted in Senate testimony last year that "U.S. Army forces located in West Germany are spread thin." To overcome this, the department said, it plans to deploy the U.S.-based Reforger Division plus "an additional two divisions to Europe within thirty days. These two divisions are considered the *minimum essential* [italics added] for the conduct of an initial conventional defense in the [European] central region."

If these additional two divisions, as well as ten support units—known as the "two-plus-ten"—are not rapidly forthcoming, U.S. ground forces would have no choice but to resort quickly to tactical nuclear weapons in order to save themselves from being destroyed. Since at least as far back as 1961, U.S. military strategists have planned on making the first use of tactical nuclear weapons within the initial hours of any attack by the Soviet Union.

Thus there is danger that instead of providing a "flexible" U.S. response to any level of aggression in Europe, the current conventional troop deployment in central Europe may actually lock the United States into early first use of tactical nuclear weapons—which could quickly lead to a massive nuclear exchange. Rather than providing an ex-

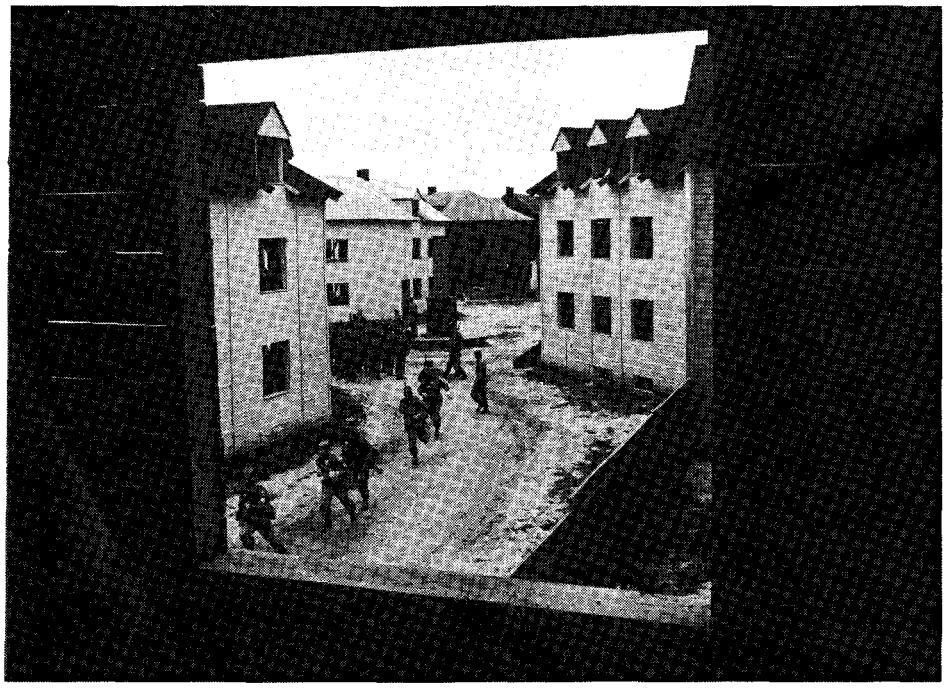
---

Edward L. King is executive director of the Coalition on National Priorities and Military Policy in Washington and is author of The Death of the Army.

*The ability of U.S.-based combat forces to reinforce rapidly our forces in Europe by air is questionable. Exercise Reforger II, conducted in late summer of 1970, tested U.S. ability to airlift troops rapidly to Europe; the results were not encouraging.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tended "pause" before crossing the nuclear threshold—as successive administrations have claimed—the present U.S. force levels in central Europe in fact lower that threshold to almost immediate nuclear war in the event of any Soviet or U.S. misstep in Europe.



René Burri: Magnum

Mock "Combat Village" in Berlin—*U.S. troops in training near East Berlin border.*

U.S. ground-force deployments to NATO should therefore be seen as a large hostage force manning a tactical nuclear trip wire and as a guarantee that any American President will opt for immediate nuclear war in Europe. The President would have little choice but to commence a nuclear war. Otherwise, he would place more than a half million U.S. servicemen, their wives, and their children in grave jeopardy.

At the 1950 Lisbon conference, where much of present NATO conventional defense strategy was conceived, it was estimated that even then, when the United States enjoyed absolute atomic superiority, ninety NATO divisions would be required to defend central Europe. Now, in an era of nuclear parity, only twenty-five NATO divisions (including 4⅓ U.S.) are supposed to accomplish much the same conventional mission that military experts established for ninety divisions. This is not a feasible mission, and it cannot be accomplished without resorting to tactical nuclear weapons. Nor is it feasible from a U.S. political or economic standpoint to contemplate stationing more troops in Europe.

This means that in view of the reluctance of our NATO allies to provide larger forces for their own defense, conventional flexible response is not a valid approach to the defense of central Europe. It is not even necessary, since there is little likelihood of a Soviet conventional attack. The concept of conventional defense (which actually relies on tactical nuclear warfare) is a lingering shibboleth of NATO in which the Europeans have little belief and the American public must invest billions.

WHAT SHOULD BE our military policy toward Europe? The present level of U.S. troops is not needed to reassure the Europeans of our intention to maintain strategic nuclear protection. A smaller U.S. deployment of perhaps one or two divisions could—if better organized and positioned—provide as much real flexibility as the present oversupported 4⅓ divisions without drastically lowering the present nuclear threshold. As Dwight Eisenhower, NATO's first supreme commander, said in 1963, "One division can show the flag as well as several." This smaller deployment would cost far less and would help counteract the chronic international weakening of the dollar.

But troop deployments have become a political sacred cow, the wrapping covering the basically political issue of American primacy in European affairs. Military troop levels have been used to protect the real political and economic issues. It has been far easier to defend a continued American presence on the basis of military requirements than on the basis of political expediency.

When it comes to troop reductions, the time never seems ripe for change. The idea of Mutual Balanced Force Reductions (MBFR) is the latest in a long series of dilatory tactics. During the four years of East–West exchanges preparing the way for MBFR talks, the fact that the exchanges were taking place was used as a rationale for postponing any reduction in troops. Now, after four months of preliminary discussions, not even an agreement on the conference membership has been reached. The slowness of these preliminary discussions brings into serious question whether the United States and the USSR are sincerely interested in troop reductions. All indicators point to MBFR as yet another delaying tactic—employed by both NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations—to avoid facing the new situation in central Europe brought about by the continuing political and economic detente.

As Albert Willot, counselor on the Belgian permanent delegation to the North Atlantic Council, said in a recent article in the *NATO Review*:

> Europeans should not labour under a misapprehension. Even in the absence of any agreement with the East on MBFR, the United States will sooner or later be compelled, for well-known domestic political reasons, to reduce the level of their conventional presence in Europe. It must too be admitted that the Europeans are most unlikely to make up the difference.

Willot went on to speculate that MBFR negotiations might delay "and perhaps even for a long time limit" the reduction of U.S. conventional forces in Europe, if only because of the psychology of a situation in which a ceiling is imposed on the size of American forces: "Even the most staid motorist," he said, "has a natural tendency to drive at the maximum legal speed limit."

WE MUST HOPE that the United States does not fall into the psychological trap suggested by Willot. To delay necessary reductions in the excessive and featherbedded U.S. conventional forces assigned to NATO would be a costly mistake. And to make this mistake because of European reluctance to assume a just portion of its own defense, or out of a naïve hope for substantive results from the stalled MBFR talks, would be to ignore the best interests of the United States. Past U.S. troop reductions have found the Soviets also withdrawing troops. Additional phased reductions in the bloated U.S. force in Europe could stimulate similar Russian moves and therefore lead the world further from the threat of nuclear war and closer to the promise of peace. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ken Rinciari

French politicians called Britain the American Trojan horse in Europe.

(Continued from page 19.)
agree on concessions, even a trade war is possible. Treasury Secretary George Shultz, forgetting the Europeans were listening, told Congress that the talks will mean "more giving than taking so far as other people are concerned." This sent U.S. ambassadors scurrying around Europe, assuring governments that "we are not looking for unilateral concessions. . . . Reciprocity is the agreed basic rule."

• At the same time the industrial nations will be reforming the dollar-based world monetary system, which they created in 1944. After two dollar devaluations this system no longer exists. International trade and business is held together by joint floats and other fiscal flimflammery that could collapse at any time. Both America and Europe agree that the dollar can no longer carry the full load, and other major currencies—especially the deutsche mark and the yen—must help. But the United States insists on automatic penalties for nations (like Germany) with huge surplus balances of payments. France, which has lots of gold, wants the money system to be based on gold. These self-serving points are not technicalities: The success of the new system may depend on them. But the atmosphere already is soured by Washington's use of its still-overwhelming power in international finance to force the Europeans to accept the devaluations. Far from being an American defeat, these devaluations give U.S. exports a whopping edge. The first devaluation was rammed down European throats by John Connally; the second was maneuvered by Shultz and left most Europeans feeling snookered. The U.S. balance of payments problem certainly must be solved before anything can be done, and this requires European help. But Europeans, angered by the inflationary pressures generated by billions of non-convertible dollars still stranded in Europe, say it's up to the United States to set its own monetary house in order. The really basic talks on a new system are beginning with the Europeans still smarting over what the sober *Financial Times of London* calls "dollar imperialism."

• The joker in this deck is the oil crisis. Oil demands in Europe and America are going to double by 1985. But oil supplies from the Middle East are not going to double. This means a shortage. Since oil keeps both European and U.S. industry alive, there will be cutthroat competition for the available oil, unless some cooperation can be worked out to share supplies and, if necessary, form a consumers' cartel to fight the price-gouging and production quotas now practiced so effectively by the Arab oil-producing states. This cooperation, so far, is no more than a faint gleam in official eyes on either side of the Atlantic.

ALL THESE PROBLEMS link in a transatlantic domino theory. For instance, the oil shortage will send billions of dollars flowing out of the United States. In the hands of Arab speculators, these dollars could keep the monetary system slithering from crisis to crisis. Without monetary stability, any coherent world-trading mechanism is doomed. Unless trade can be reformed, the United States is going to become more inward-looking, spending less abroad and thus draining NATO. And with the allies falling out over defense, what chance is there for cooperation over oil?

Willy Brandt has warned of "economic tension developing into unnecessary political strain." And J. Robert Schaetzel, who quit as U.S. ambassador to the Common Market in disagreement with Nixon's European policy, has told Congress that "sterile economic squabbling would be bad in any circumstances. In the present tense Atlantic atmosphere, this kind of quarreling could poison an already equivocal relationship."

A recent Amsterdam meeting of 310 old transatlantic hands—men like John McCloy, Walter Hallstein, and Joseph Luns—who built the postwar alliance, ended with the French talking about an "Anglo-American dictatorship" and a former American ambassador openly stunned by "the astonishing depths of hostility and bitterness and paranoia felt by these people toward the United States." Most of these men had devoted their lives to the European-American bond: For them the acrimonious meeting was graphic evidence of the alliance's sorry state. George Ball, himself an architect of the alliance, told the meeting that Europe is becoming "parochial and isolationist" and is thus encouraging "the creeping emergence of an American variant of Gaullism."

One problem is that the Common Market, as a body, can barely talk to the United States. An overworked U.S. mission to the Common Market does an effective job in Brussels. But the European Community is represented in Washington only by an elderly Italian with semi-diplomatic status, because France has refused to let it open a full-fledged embassy. The Italian complains that his job is "like having nine mothers-in-law." He

(Continued on page 24.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Djilas: "The Central Question Is Europe"

Soldier, politician, writer, philosopher, Milovan Djilas has been effectively silenced at home, but abroad many still consider him the most eminent Yugoslav after Marshall Tito, his old comrade-in-arms. An intellectual defector from the Communist faith he espoused in his youth, he is also its leading analyst and critic today. In an interview in his Belgrade home with WORLD *correspondent Rudolph Chelminski, Djilas talked about the current Soviet-American rapprochement and its larger meaning for the future of Europe.*

Djilas: The Soviet-American rapprochement is a very positive trend in international relations, but there will be some complications because Europe is not in the game. The role of Europe in the future is not clear right now. Ideally, it should be neither anti-American nor anti-Soviet but participation with both. If this does not happen, the situation could be very bad. Even the relationship between America and Soviet Russia might not remain stable—they would both be trying to compete for the most influence over Europe. Other questions are of secondary importance. The central question is Europe.

Europe must unite; there is no other way. If she does not unite, she will be divided by the interests of Soviet Russia and America—not disunited by geography, as she is now, but by influence. I don't agree with the American papers that say Soviet Russia won more from this agreement than the United States did. This view is true only for the moment, in a superficial way. The Soviets will gain from technological developments in the U.S.A., and they have succeeded in definitively dividing Germany and so on. But when you evaluate the outcome with the future in mind, it is not correct to speak of who has won more. Such terms are not correct. It is not a question of who is victorious in these negotiations, because for once the United States and the Soviet Union have adopted an attitude of cooperation rather than political competition. America is not the loser in the light of the future. For me, what is important is the process of disintegration of ideology and totalitarianism that we are seeing throughout Soviet Russia and Eastern Europe. The rapprochement is helping this spontaneous process throughout the East. Ideology is dying; the totalitarian system does not exist any more in Eastern Europe.

Q: In what ways does the Soviet Union most need the United States?

Djilas: There are many obvious ways that we all know of. But we shouldn't forget that she also needs the United States in foreign relations, especially regarding a stronger position toward China. That's a factor. As for the question of arms, what is happening is of great importance; but, here again, the future is very uncertain. For example, war with atomic weapons is almost impossible, but if the United States and the Soviet Union forbid their use, then war becomes possible. They will be open not only to the use of traditional weapons but to classic Great Power policies as well, the spheres of influence and all that, as at the end of the nineteenth century. Ideology didn't cause World War I. Great Power influences did.

"I think America has won the cold war."

Q: Can you imagine Western Europe as a bloc ever turning against the United States?

Djilas: I don't believe that theory. Absolutely not. There will be discussions and disagreements and economic conflicts, but that sort of break could not occur, even superficially. It's not just a question of Western Europe's not being able to survive without American protection; now, or in the future, she may be able to do without that protection. But the problem is deeper than that. The American and Western European forms of life are too similar for them to turn against each other. The only thing Western Europe may ask is more equality with America.

Q: Should American troops remain on European soil?

Djilas: It isn't necessary for them to be there as an effective force; symbolic force is enough. Everybody must know that America will fight—that's all.

Q: Will Western Europe, in fact, unite?

Djilas: Unity is already on its way. A bit too slowly, but Western Europe is moving toward that goal. I believe in it. It is the only future for Europe.

Q: Are you surprised at how easily the American people accepted Nixon's pragmatic about-face in the government's foreign policy?

Djilas: No. The Americans are not as doctrinaire as the Communists. Personally, I think America has won the cold war, but that doesn't mean that they should blackmail the Soviets. The Soviet Union cannot be blackmailed. What Congress is doing with trade and the Soviet Jews is absolutely stupid. Senator Jackson's proposal is nonsense. The Soviets could instead trade with Japan or with Western Europe. Or they could even manage without foreign trade. What the Russians are doing with the Jews is bad. Every honest man must be against it. But Congress is falling back into an old-fashioned style of trying to blackmail Russia with bargains. It is as if the Russians demanded a settlement to the question of the American Negroes.

Q: Will the future be governed exclusively by commerce and pragmatism?

Djilas: I don't believe in ideology anymore, but I do believe in new forms, new programs. Without some sort of faith, humanity cannot exist. This need is just something in human nature.

Q. What is your vision of the new faith?

Djilas: I call it existential humanism. The definition isn't clear and is open to different interpretations. But essentially it means that life must be more and more free and liberated from dogmatism. Everyone must be guaranteed housing and education and food. There must be free health care and old-age care. The application would be worked out differently in different countries, but it must include ethics in politics. Ethics and politics are not necessarily contrary to each other. For example, in ancient Greece and Rome, the statesmen were often very ethical men. In modern times there have also been some ethical men —I think of de Gaulle, for example, or Brandt. Of course, in politics it is difficult to be completely ethical. You must be canny, too, because to be cheated in politics means to be stupid.

Q: Do you see this new faith being applied anywhere in the world today?

Djilas: No. This is my utopia alone. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Summer.
Winter. Spring. Fall.
Anytime is a great time for
SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES

You're on a *Santa* Leisure Liner, cruising the storied waters below the Spanish Main. Maybe you haven't time for the full 51-day voyage from the West Coast, so you have flown to Panama, Curaçao or Rio – on a sea/air holiday 7 to 30 days in length. And now traveling is pure pleasure, as you visit fascinating places where your dollar is not devalued . . . like the Panama Canal, historic Cartagena, Caracas, Puerto Cabello, delightfully Dutch Curaçao, Rio, São Paulo, Paranagua, Buenos Aires, spectacular Straits of Magellan, Valparaiso, Lima and Guayaquil. Plus, you have the fun of being on an American ship. South America Cruises are always in season, with sailings every 3 weeks. Contact your travel agent or mail coupon.

Prudential-Grace Lines
Santa Maria • Santa Mariana • Santa Mercedes

Prudential-Grace Lines
One California Street
San Francisco, CA 94106
Call Collect: (415) 781-3800

Send me details on South America Cruises.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

My Travel Agent Is

w 773 Ships of U.S. Registry

(Continued from page 22.)
keeps a low profile. Schaetzel has called the entire transatlantic conversation "a dialogue of the deaf."

It was in this atmosphere of mutual incomprehension that Kissinger made his so-called Atlantic Charter speech. Delivered with Nixon's blessing, it said the alliance's problems were too important to be left to the experts. By the time Nixon visited Europe, the "top political leaders" should put their minds to "a determined commitment to find cooperative solutions . . . a clear set of common objectives . . . a unifying framework." Kissinger saw the problems, set them in their historical context, proclaimed the common interests, and called on the allies to rise above national and transient interests to "reinvigorate shared ideals and common purposes." It was, as James Reston wrote, "a 'presidential speech' in the best sense of the expression." After months of petulant Nixonian complaints that the world's strongest nation was not getting a "fair shake," the Kissinger address set the proper tone for a true Year of Europe.

The European reaction has been disappointingly wary. Some Europeans objected to Kissinger's comment, which he has said was "descriptive, not prescriptive," that the United States has global interests and responsibilities [while] our European allies have regional interests." Others rejected his contention that "the political, military, and economic issues in Atlantic relations are linked by reality, not by our choice nor for the tactical purpose of trading one off against the other." This is, of course, true; but it means that the U.S. contribution to Europe's defense must be taken into account in deciding who gets what in trade. Europe wants to separate the two, arguing the United States itself gains strategically and politically from its defense of a non-Communist Europe.

These are serious points but not insoluble ones. The truly critical issues are the lack of European political unity, which may keep Europe from making more than a narrow-spirited and technical response to Kissinger's initiative, and the anti-American bitterness and suspicion—deserved or not—that the United States has allowed to build up during its preoccupation with Southeast Asia.

Already the Kissinger speech has revealed the lack of European unity. Britain welcomed it, and Prime Minister Edward Heath celebrated "the United States and the European Community as the twin pillars of a revivified and reinvigorated Atlantic alliance." This only led French politicians to start mumbling again about Britain as the American Trojan horse in Europe. French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert told his parliament that the trade talks must be kept at a technical—not political—level and must on no account be linked with defense.

Brandt, preoccupied with his *Ostpolitik* and mindful of the need to balance approaches to the East with continued friendship with America, has managed to praise the charter idea without accepting it outright; anything less could have irritated the issue of U.S. troops in West Germany. The Bonn leader hopes to prevent either a reduction in these troops or an increase in West German contributions to their upkeep. But Herbert Wehner, deputy chairman of Brandt's Social Democratic party, called the charter "an outline for a monster."

Kissinger wants the Western alliance, based this last twenty-five years on a defensive bloc and a paternalistic relationship, to go forward now to a community of equals, differing on details but framing overall military, foreign, and monetary policies in common. While this sounds a little like the old "grand design," it probably would be getting more respectful attention in Europe were it not for the barriers built of old misgivings. Too many Europeans think the administration wants to deal with Russia while it leaves Europe in the lurch or, conversely, to reorder the alliance to maintain American suzerainty. There are those who would guarantee continued U.S. dominance by leaving Europe's defense to the Pentagon. And there are those ardent pro-Europeans who would promote anti-Americanism as a necessary foil for a European consciousness. Some Europeans fear that if America goes, Europe will be "Finlandized." Some others suspect that an economically subservient Europe already is being "Canadaized," in German editor Theo Sommer's vivid word.

Whatever Washington's intentions, these ghosts are not easily exorcised. Europeans are only too ready to follow John Mitchell's unfortunate advice to "watch what we do, not what we say." What Washington has done in recent years is to build up, mostly inadvertently, a fund of spite that will cause it trouble in this Year of Europe and beyond. From now on, it must manage its diplomacy and its statements carefully, to say exactly what it means and what it wants without gratuitous offense. It is not necessary to give away American national interests nor to accept every European argument. But Washington must recognize that the situation may look different from the other side of the ocean and the picture of an abused and penurious America, lying prostrate before its greedy allies, is less quickly accepted in York than in New York. Otherwise, American negotiators may find themselves making unnecessary concessions this year, just to buy back a squandered friendship. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
© 1973 Philip W. Quigg. All rights reserved.

UNEP's Governing Council Tries to Run the Whole Show

"The spirit of Stockholm" was notably lacking at the first meeting of the Governing Council of the United Nations Environment Program. Perhaps this was inevitable. Preparations for Stockholm were made by a committee of twenty-seven nations; the council has an unmanageable fifty-eight. Moreover, the council was not planning what ideally ought to be done but was choosing priorities and allocating money. And naturally a great part of the ten-day meeting was consumed by set speeches, which perhaps can be dispensed with at subsequent meetings.

The Governing Council did manage to apportion $5.5 million among ten programs (see box). The sticking point was the matter of apportioning responsibility between the council and the executive director, Maurice Strong. The developing countries, particularly, seemed determined to control the expenditure of every dollar. This does not appear to have been the intent either of the Stockholm conferees or of the General Assembly, which conceived the council primarily as a policy-making body with responsibility for supervising broad programs but not specific projects within those programs. Only by giving the executive director broad discretionary powers—as UNDP learned after hard experience—will it be possible to get on with the job. By size, composition, and infrequency of meetings, the council simply is not equipped to act as an executive committee. Control over every expenditure from the Environment Fund could well immobilize UNEP.

The council's decision to defer adoption of "General Procedures Governing the Operations of the Environment Fund" is serious but not fatal—providing reason prevails at the next meeting, in March. In the interim Maurice Strong has authority to proceed toward the most essential objectives, particularly the two Earthwatch programs. He has enough money, for the moment, and authority to transfer funds (up to 20 percent) from one program to another.

Representatives of more than 150 non-governmental organizations with environmental interests met in Geneva in conjunction with the Governing Council meeting. As usual, their performance was not an elevating experience. In terms of real accomplishment—the preparation of plans and projects coordinated with UNEP and among themselves—they hardly advanced one square from their position at similar meetings in New York and Geneva last autumn.

Council-Approved Programs (in millions)

A. Human settlements (habitat, health, and well-being)	$1.2
B. Land, water, and desertification	$1
C. Education, training, assistance, and information	$0.8
D. Trade, economics, and transfer of technology	$0.5
E. Oceans	$0.6
F. Conservation of nature, wildlife, and genetic resources	$0.5
G. Energy	$0.1
Under Earthwatch:	
A. Monitoring	$0.3
B. International referral system	$0.2
Other program development	$0.3
Total	$5.5

Global Report

Strasbourg—Although solid waste in the United States is about 2½ times per capita that of Western Europe, the adoption of U.S. packaging practices is causing levels to rise faster in Europe. The Council of Europe says the problem "has now reached frightening proportions."

By weight, 80 percent of Europe's solid waste is disposed of by dumping. Although composting, especially in the Netherlands, is more widely practiced than in the United States, incineration is only beginning to be used on a large scale. This may be because until recently ashes represented a large proportion of waste matter, and in West Germany they still amount to 20 to 50 percent of all domestic refuse.

Incineration is being used increasingly, especially in Britain and in Sweden. The first plant for the incineration of garbage was built in Hamburg at the end of the last century. But until now few incinerators used the heat for power generation, and many old plants are being closed down because it is too expensive to install air-pollution equipment. Recycling of waste is an even more underdeveloped process than it is in the United States, although Sweden reclaims about 28 percent of its recoverable waste paper, highest in the world.

Cairo—Egypt is engaged in a thirty-year program to improve drainage throughout its 7 million acres of irrigated land. Hundreds of millions of dollars are being spent on engineering works to alter the conditions in which schistosomiasis (bilharzia) flourishes and to reduce waterlogging and salinity, which are driving down productivity on more than 1.2 million acres.

The latest phase of the project includes the installation of 18,500 miles of buried field drains and 2500 miles of collector drains in farming areas between the Aswan dam and Cairo. In addition some 480 miles of existing open drains will be improved, 535 miles of new open drains dug, and four new pumping stations constructed. As a result of these and other measures, it is expected that over the next ten years the average annual income of a tenant farmer will increase from about $100 to $315.

To help defray the costs, the International Development Bank, the soft-loan affiliate of the World Bank, has just issued an additional credit of $36 million with fifty years to repay, a ten-year grace period, and freedom from interest except for a service charge of ¾ of 1 percent.

Tokyo—More than half the countries of the world lie in seismic zones subject to violent earthquakes. The costs in human life and suffering are beyond reckoning, but the physical damage is measurable: For a developing country a major earthquake of the dimensions suffered in recent times by India, Greece, Chile, Iran, Yugoslavia, Peru, and Nicaragua can be devastating to hopes and plans for progress.

The International Institute of Seis-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mology and Earthquake Engineering here in Tokyo is perhaps the principal center for training in these fields. During the past ten years, the institute has trained more than 200 seismologists and earthquake engineers from about forty countries that have no facilities of their own. People with such training are urgently needed, for it is precisely the countries that can least afford the physical destruction and economic disruption caused by earthquakes that are most vulnerable to them. And as urbanization increases, earthquake-resistant structures become more necessary.

Nice—After a decade of rampant exploitation of the Côte d' Azur by developers building twenty-story luxury apartment houses, environmental groups believe they have the real estate promoters on the defensive. The Regional Union for the Safeguard of Life, Nature, and the Environment has been especially effective in getting government to cancel building permits and courts to order a halt to construction. In recent months building projects totaling about $12 million have been suspended. Much of the construction was on landfill extending into the sea, and the environmentalists obtained a court decision that this was illegal. Thus some developers appear to be liable for tearing down what they have built.

Rome—It was essential that the six drought-stricken countries of sub-Saharan Africa receive millet seed for planting by mid-June, or they would suffer another season of malnutrition and starvation. FAO hoped that one or more nations would provide military transport to lift 200 tons of seed from Port Sudan on the Red Sea to Chad. But no one came forward, so FAO had to absorb the $120,000 expense of commercial charter. Later the United States had second thoughts and picked up the tab, bringing its contribution to emergency relief in the Sahelian region to more than $20 million.

Manila—The notion that air pollution is a problem peculiar to the advanced industrialized countries was dismissed here at a conference on air pollution attended by fourteen nations of the western Pacific. The participants concluded that "the time for basic environmental pollution control is now."

In opening the five-day meeting, Dr. Andres A. Angara, assistant director of health services in the Philippines, declared: "It is important that basic standards for air quality and the control of air pollution should be adopted by all nations regardless of their stages of development."

Architects Give Environment Its Due

Perhaps no profession in the United States is coming to terms with the environment with as much energy and imagination as that of architecture. For example, this year (in December) almost all state registration boards, which license architects, will be giving a wholly new examination, placing less emphasis on nuts and bolts and more on social, esthetic, and environmental considerations.

The change has resulted from years of labor by the National Council of Architectural Registration Boards (NCARB), which was created primarily to achieve uniformity and reciprocity in the fifty states. The new examination consists of four parts: environmental analysis, architectural programming, design and technology, and construction. The first will test the applicant's ability:

"1. To understand the inter-relationship of land use and the environment in which it takes place;

"2. To assess the feasibility of a given use on alternative sites;

"3. To assess the feasibility of alternate uses on a given site; and

"4. To evaluate the environmental criteria relevant to the programming and design of given uses on given sites."

The NCARB is obviously elated by the wide acceptance its new concept has received. "Never before," says a spokesman, "has any recognized profession in our society ventured from the well-marked path of demonstrable objectivity to assume stewardship responsibilities for the psychological and esthetic qualities of the man-made environment. In declaring itself concerned with the 'functional and the beautiful' in a proprietary sense, NCARB has introduced a new and higher standard of sensitivity as a condition of admission to the practice of architecture."

In striving to inculcate a commitment "to uphold the public interest in the broadest sense," the NCARB goes beyond the examinee to consider the position of the practicing architect. What happens when he asserts this principle with clients? In a "position statement" the president of NCARB, Thomas J. Sedgewick, anticipates that responsible architects increasingly may come into conflict with their clients over environmental considerations. Ways must be found, he suggests, to protect an architect from "adverse repercussions" if in defending the public interest, he meets immovable resistance.

The image of architectural firms breaking contracts because of their clients' insensitivity to the environment may seem remote in the short run. But it is surely true that examinations can do more than test knowledge; they can also shape values by showing the novitiate what his superiors expect of him and by suggesting that there may be new roads to success.

Under the editorship of William Houseman, the NCARB has prepared a handsome, 135-page *Architectural Registration Handbook: A Test Guide for Professional Exam Candidates* (available from NCARB, 2100 M Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20037, $18.50). It offers more than the title suggests and should be of interest to the general reader as well as candidates.

". . . Esthetic . . . Spacious . . . Well Balanced"

In acquiring the skills and values for sensible land-use planning—a process in which the United States is beginning to engage—it is notable that a basic document is a Supreme Court decision going back to 1954 (*Berman* v. *Parker*, 348 U.S. 26, involving the condemnation of a department store as part of an urban-renewal project in the District of Columbia). The court declared:

"The concept of public welfare is broad and inclusive. . . . The values it represents are spiritual as well as physical, esthetic as well as monetary. It is within the power of the legislature to determine that the community should be beautiful as well as healthy, spacious as well as clean, well balanced as well as carefully patrolled. In the present case, the Congress and its authorized agencies have made determinations that take into account a wide variety of values. It is not for us to reappraise them. If those who govern the District of Columbia decide that the nation's Capitol should be beautiful as well as sanitary, there is nothing in the Fifth Amendment that stands in the way."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madrid—Prolonged and increasing air pollution plus constant changes in humidity are damaging paintings in the Prado at an accelerating rate. The museum's director describes what is happening as "drastic and irreparable." Those professionally or emotionally involved cannot understand the government's failure to provide air conditioning to protect one of the world's half-dozen greatest collections of paintings.

Geneva—One effect of the devaluations of the dollar is the decimation of U.N. budgets. The retiring director-general of WHO, Dr. Marcolino Candau, reports that the organization has $5.5 million less to spend as a result, though the World Bank and regional development banks are helping to make up the deficit. The situation ironically reinforces the argument of the U.S. government that reliance on one country for 30 to 40 percent of U.N. budgets is unhealthy.

Brussels—A European Center for Medium Term Weather Forecasting is expected to be established soon to predict the weather four to ten days ahead. On the initiative of the EEC countries primarily, a detailed survey has been made of the expected and possible benefits. The location of the center has not been determined, but its forecasts will be available to all countries.

Paris—OECD estimates that by 1980 air-passenger traffic will triple and air-cargo tonnage will increase sevenfold in some regions of the industrialized world. OECD is now trying to calculate the environmental and economic implications inherent in meeting this demand.

WASTE PAPER CAN COMPETE

Environmentalists were not alone in being startled by a *New York Times* story of a study—seemingly bearing the imprimatur of the city of New York—that gave the impression that there was very little hope of increasing the reclamation of waste paper. The study made for the Council on the Environment of New York City, of which Mayor Lindsay is cochairman, appeared to demolish one by one the arguments of the environmentalists that the use of recycled paper could be greatly increased by changes in the tax structure, removal of discriminatory freight rates, and other measures.

The *Times* story failed to state that "A Discussion: Government Incentives and Disincentives to Reclamation of

How Much Pollution in the North Sea?

This is the first of two articles by our Geneva correspondent, who has made a particular study of the North Sea and the northeast Atlantic. His next piece will discuss problems of fisheries conservation.

The intensification of activity in the North Sea in the years since gas and oil have been found there and the richness of the area as a fishing ground have led to increasing concern about the potential conflict that may arise among differing uses. The damage that oil and other forms of pollution could cause to marine life and, through contamination of fish and shellfish, to human health has been made clear by a series of well-publicized incidents, beginning with the grounding of the Torrey Canyon off the Cornish coast in 1967. Not infrequently fishermen bring up barrels of toxic wastes in their trawl nets, and floating masses of dead fish have been seen in the northern North Sea and off the coast of the Netherlands. Outbreaks of shellfish poisoning have occurred in Britain and in the Netherlands. Some Scandinavian salmon-spawning streams have no more salmon because of "acid rains" washing out sulphurous emissions that first entered the air in Britain, Germany, or the Low Countries.

These concerns have prompted several studies of the North Sea by international organizations with responsibilities in the area. The International Council for the Exploration of the Sea (ICES) organized a working group on North Sea pollution as early as 1968. The group is now surveying the input of pollutants into the sea from all the littoral states and is also conducting a base-line study aimed at measuring the levels of certain pollutants—petroleum, chlorinated aromatic hydrocarbons, halogenated hydrocarbons, and heavy metals—in selected species of fish and shellfish. The aim is to answer the presently unanswerable question, To what extent is marine pollution responsible for the striking decline and altered distribution of certain commercial species of fish in the North Sea? Other studies have been made by NATO and the World Health Organization.

So far the studies have shown no evidence of dangerous pollution in the North Sea, as there is in the Baltic, where eutrophication, from natural as well as human causes, is well advanced and documented. Both the NATO and preliminary ICES conclusions are that the coastal waters and estuaries are the problem areas. Even in such estuarine regions as the Thames, the Firth of Clyde, and the Wadden Sea not all waste disposal is dangerous or even harmful, and some beneficial effects have been observed. But the studies show that even isolated instances or carelessness could have serious consequences because of the disproportionate importance of coastal areas as nutrient and nursery grounds for young fish. "It is clear," writes Korringa, a Dutch fisheries expert, "that a very high percentage of young fishes like plaice, sole, herring, and even cod spend their early youth in areas like the Zeeland estuaries and the Wadden Sea along the Dutch and German coast. . . . If engineering works or marine pollution leads to loss or deterioration of noteworthy sectors of these nursery grounds, the impact on the stocks of marketable fishes in the whole North Sea will in all probability be of a catastrophic nature."

Governments of the area have made a start at corrective action in various ways, notably by signing the Oslo antidumping convention, which establishes "black" and "gray" lists for substances dumped from ships. The convention should soon have the seven ratifications needed for it to take effect, and many governments have already applied its provisions through national legislation. The embryonic efforts made recently to limit pollution of the Rhine will also help, since some 70 percent of the phosphorus entering the southern North Sea—as compared with 0.5 percent of the total volume of water—comes from the Rhine.

The work of IMCO (Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization) is also useful, not only in limiting oil discharges from ships (on which it is sponsoring a major conference this fall) but also because of its promotion of navigational safety: Accidents remain a serious hazard, especially in the overburdened English Channel.

So far there have been no major spills—although there have been accidents—associated with oil production in the North Sea. Both the British and Norwegian governments stress the toughness of their safety regulations, and the former is seeking to promote the collective strengthening and harmonization of national regulations for oil exploration and exploitation by all the countries involved.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Waste Paper" was prepared in a three-month period last summer by a team of young graduate and law students participating in the council's Environmental Intern Program. And while the city did nothing to dissociate itself from the report, council officials are plainly unhappy with some of the reasoning and conclusions of the authors.

Actually the 177-page "discussion" is extremely useful in marshaling facts and in explaining the difficulties of increasing the use of recycled paper. But its overall tone is almost wholly negative: Economic forces are seen as insuperable; no new positive ideas are put forward; and some of the judgments are plainly in error. This is confirmed by three studies prepared since "A Discussion" was completed: the Midwest Research Institute's "Paper Recycling: the Art of the Possible"; the National Academy of Sciences' "Man, Materials, and Environment"; and most recently, the final report of the National Commission on Materials Policy (see next column).

None of these are in any sense radical in their proposals or their expectations, and the National Commission, especially, holds a fine, classical view of the law of supply and demand, while it recommends government policies that will clearly affect both. The commission states that "many of the market factors which inhibit the demand for secondary materials are there because of the federal government's long-standing legal, economic, and technological assistance to virgin materials. Through the modification of regulatory and fiscal practices concerning materials and the environment, the government can ensure achievement of a recycling level more to the nation's benefit."

The commission concludes that "increased recycling would result if primary and secondary materials were put on an equal footing in the market place," and it recommends tax credits for expanded use of recycled materials. More specifically it recommends tax credit for investment in new plants and equipment for recycling, not only of paper but of other materials as well. Also the commission cites studies showing that railroads are carrying virgin pulp at about 30 percent below costs and recommends that "the freight-rate differentials between secondary and primary materials" be removed.

All these proposals and others in the report have been around for a long time. It can only be hoped that the National Commission's official status will give its recommendations special weight. Their acceptance would be a start but hardly enough to cope with either the waste problem or the timber shortage. Serious consideration will soon have to be given to such measures as required percentages of waste paper in specified products, higher prices for timber-for-pulp on federal land, a tax on virgin pulp in interstate commerce, a luxury tax on paper without a waste component, and a tax on plastic products that compete with paper, to keep the contest fair.

SUMMARY RECOMMENDATIONS

National Commission on Materials Policy

(A story on the commission, in anticipation of its inch-thick report bearing 189 recommendations, appeared in the May 12 World Environment Newsletter. *More on one aspect of the commission's report—paper recycling—starts on the previous page.)*

We recommend that:

1. Environmental costs be taken into account in the computation of costs and benefits of any action to extract, transport, process, use, or dispose of any material, and that such principles become a basic element of legislation and administrative practices. Where appropriate, an emissions tax should be considered to implement this principle.
2. Except where social benefits are paramount, the extraction or harvesting of materials be limited to areas where the ecosystem can be rehabilitated or enhanced.
3. The federal government support extensive research and development on the dynamics of materials-energy-environment interplay and its effect on human, animal, and plant life. Studies should emphasize the detection of substances in low levels of concentration, their life cycles, and their chronic additive, or delayed, effects on public health.
4. Traditional U.S. economic policy be maintained by relying on market forces as a prime determinant of the mix of imports and domestic production subject to considerations of public policy involving the national security, health, and viability of domestic materials industries, and fair competition. Where costly and dangerous reliance on imported materials appears to be the outcome of existing trends, the government must intervene.
5. To promote the search for scarce materials, the federal government facilitate access to public and private lands.
6. The federal government expedite decision making in the energy-materials-environment area.
7. Beyond efforts to overcome the current energy shortage, the highest energy-policy priority be accorded to a research and development effort to free this nation from dependence on fossil fuels for its primary energy needs.
8. An appropriate agency of the federal government, in cooperation with industry and the Commission on Product Safety, set consumer-product standards that include improved service life, repairability, and recyclability; improved efficiency of material processing; and study of the life expectancy of materials.
9. A national resources recovery system be established through public and private sector cooperation to achieve three objectives:
   - Discourage dumping and encourage resources recovery as a means of turning waste into a national resource.
   - Encourage disposers to prepare waste for recovery rather than dumping.
   - Create markets for recovered materials by recycling technology, by federal procurement policies, and by equitable tax and transportation rates for virgin and secondary materials.
10. An adequate, accurate, and accessible data base be compiled for materials-energy-environment policy development, with the ultimate objective of creating a computerized resource inventory.
11. Congress adopt a national land-use policy and supporting statutes that will promote comprehensive planning for all land, both public and private; provide for evaluating land-use practices; and establish criteria responsive to economic, environmental, social, and security needs.
12. To achieve coordinated and integrated materials-energy-environment policy planning and execution, the federal government must be organized to cope effectively with the changing interactions of the materials system. A single agency, such as the proposed Department of Natural Resources, overseen by a single joint congressional committee, will facilitate such policy formulation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Outdoors needs SOAR heads!

The Great Outdoors needs SOAR heads! Join the Boy Scouts and the Youth of America. The Great Outdoors needs YOU.

The original SOAR heads are the Scouts of America. For the past several years, they have been working on Project SOAR . . . Save Our American Resources. Last year, on one day, 4 million Scouts and adults cleaned up 470,000 miles of highway and shoreline, 1,300,000 acres of park and other public lands. They planted more than 300,000 trees.

This year, the Boy Scouts will be concentrating on a continuing program of cleaning up our lakes, rivers, beaches and marshes, on tree planting and litter prevention. By themselves, they'll do a great job. With your help, it could be tremendous.

Every single SOAR head can make a real difference.

You may be only one person, but you are one of approximately 128 million fishermen, campers and boating enthusiasts in the United States. And you are one who really appreciates the beauty of the great outdoors. And you are one who is experienced in the ways of nature. You and your fellow outdoorsmen are a potent force for constructive action.

Take, for instance, Clean Water . . . absolutely essential, you'll agree, for fishing, boating, even camping. Think what could happen if every one of that 128 million really involved himself in the preservation and purification of our water resources.

First and foremost, check up on yourself.

- . . . Pick up your bait packages, cold drink cans, lunch bags.
- . . . Equip your boat with litter bags and holding tanks, and use them.
- . . . Put out your campfire completely.
- . . . Don't use the lake or river for a washtub.
- . . . Take out a panful of water for cleaning utensils and clothing.
- . . . Take a few minutes and clear away debris from a feeder stream.
- . . . Leave the grasses and nesting grounds surrounding the water area undisturbed.
- . . . Teach the youngsters who go with you how to fish, camp and boat without disturbing their environmental surroundings.
- . . . Don't be shy. If you spot a fellow sportsman littering, remind him to leave the place a little better than when he found it.

Next, involve others. Spread the Good Word.

- . . . Talk about Project SOAR, every chance you get.
- . . . Show "Clean Waters" at your next club, lodge or church meeting. This is a fine new filmstrip, in full color, produced by the American Fishing Tackle Manufacturer's Association.
- . . . Put this ad on your company bulletin board or reproduce it in the company paper. Plan an outing to plant shrubs and trees along neighboring shorelines to prevent siltation.
- . . . Conserve water at home. Get your family and neighbors checking the amount of detergent they use per washload, and encourage them to chill water in the refrigerator, instead of running the tap, to water gardens only when necessary.
- . . . Organize support for legislation which will help save our water for recreational needs, as well as drinking, bathing and industrial use. Point out, for example, that marshlands provide a successful (and free) form of flood control because of their ability to absorb water.

You can think of many more ways to fight pollution and to preserve our natural water resources. The Boy Scouts, and the youth of America, need your help. After all, the quality of our environment is everyone's concern.

For further information on how you can help, or on the "Clean Waters" Filmstrip, write: **Project SOAR-Coordinator, Boy Scouts of America, No. Brunswick, N.J. 08902**

PROJECT SOAR BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

NO. 1 SPORT aftma

This advertisement has been created by THE SEROKA GROUP, INC. *New York, N.Y. / Mamaroneck, N.Y.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A KILLER PREPARES

An Assassin's Diary
by Arthur H. Bremer
Harper's Magazine Press,
142 pp., $6.50

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

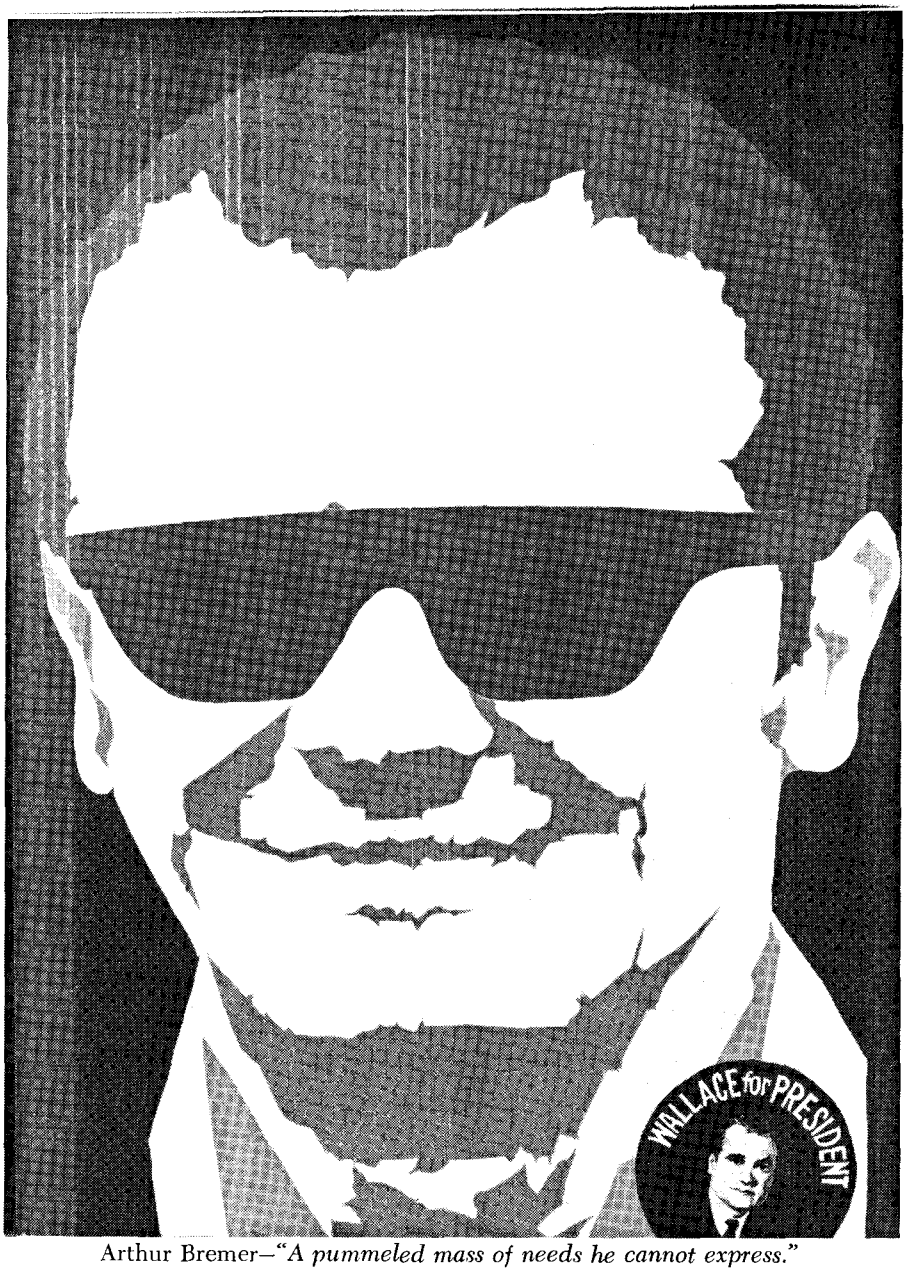
I just need a little opening and a second of time.

—Arthur H. Bremer

This pitiable document might have made a great American novel. Instead, it is a wretched little diary that is like a masterpiece in one way only. Its writer is a man wholly possessed by his demon, and in every line that demon speaks in the full, blind ecstasy of miserable self-recognition. The book consists of 113 semiliterate pages uncovered by the FBI in the junk piled in the back of Arthur H. Bremer's car the day after he tried to assassinate Gov. George Wallace in a shopping center in Laurel, Maryland. Bremer has since been remanded to Maryland Penitentiary for the next sixty-three years, after a brief career as the nation's most visible and quotable psychopath. But until the appearance of the complete volume of Bremer's quotations, one could only guess at the depths of his loneliness and alienation. At times Bremer seems to be speaking to himself, as if to hold on to his sanity; other times he tries the grand manner. In either case, the fascination hardly lies in the quality of thought or style. Arthur Bremer has no gift. He has no intelligence. He is without political insight, without, for that matter, the most minimal insight into any aspect of life. Positively stupid with misery, he is a complete mediocrity, a total loser. He understands nothing about others and almost nothing about himself.

Must have begun to cry eight distint times yesterday night.

Yet Bremer understands just enough. He understands that he is alone, that his life is worthless, and that he has none of the equipment required to alter these irreducible facts. He is the kid in school who can't make the others stop picking on him (before beginning the diary, he told his girl friend that he was so humiliated in high school he wanted to "throw himself in front of a train") and who is reduced to hustling down the hall, hugging his books, muttering to himself. To say that he lacks confidence in himself, or trust in others, "underexaggerates," as they say. Bremer hardly believes he is a human being. With sickening insistence, every interchange recorded in this diary reveals Bremer to be desperately fumbling, trying to get together an act that will make him look like somebody worldly or sexy or intelligent or even a plausible partner in conversation. Invariably he humiliates himself instead. Bremer is obsessed with normality, and yet he knows that his own normal condition is one of isolation, in which he interminably replays the piddling self-dialogue the diary records, blinking and grunting against the fumbling aloneness that assails him with the full cruelty of a destiny.



Arthur Bremer—*"A pummeled mass of needs he cannot express."*

That girl friend of a few weeks—a perfectly ordinary fifteen year old from Milwaukee named Joan—bewilders and humiliates him by declining a date to go to a pornographic movie. Bremer can't understand. She remarks that she doesn't like long hair; Bremer promptly shaves his head. ("See if she likes no hair at all.") He is totally inexperienced and haunted by impotence. His single adventure consists of a minutely chronicled episode in a New York massage parlor, which is even more coldly sordid and pathetic than one would have supposed. The man seems a pummeled mass of needs he cannot express, impressions of himself and the world he cannot confirm —feelings recycled again and again through his small mind. Bremer knows only that he hasn't the faintest idea how to make *anybody* look at him, listen to him, or be concerned with him in the slightest way. He knows, though of course he doesn't know the words, that he is an utterly alienated human being.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And possessed of that knowledge, this pudgy, little blond man wants to die. Likewise, he wants to kill.

Oh man, I'm a werewolf now changed into a wild thing.

In the year before Bremer began this diary, he was rejected by Joan, who found him "creepy," and he wrote a long diary (the "secret part of this book"), which he apparently buried somewhere along the Milwaukee shores of Lake Michigan. In those buried pages (I do not know if any effort has been made to retrieve them), Bremer presumably had stated his decision to become an assassin during that year, for as the published diary begins, he has somehow got his hands on $1000, quit his job in Milwaukee, and is moving restlessly between New York and Detroit and Ottawa and Washington, looking for his presidential victim.

You know, suicide is a birthright.

The link between suicide and murder, their celebrated synonymity, has rarely been so nakedly displayed as it is here. Bremer sees his murder and his suicide as entailing one another. He wonders whether he will die in a moment of glory (presumably gunned down by the police or perhaps shooting himself on the spot) or wait to be "suicided" later: "Passed the last week or so fasinated with storys in the papers discussing murder, suicide, and the death penalty." He repeatedly regrets that Michigan (where he expects to kill Wallace) does not exact the death penalty. Returning from Ottawa after failing to kill Nixon (his prime target), Bremer laments the delay: "Wow! I should have been dead about sixty or seventy pages ago." The fact is that this entire diary is a suicide note. Will he live or die? "Still don't know weather its trial and prison for me or—bye bye brains. I'll just have to decide that in the last few seconds." But even if he doesn't go down in a blaze of Secret Service gunfire, Bremer reassures himself that he can do away with himself in prison, that it is possible to drown in a cup of water, but adds darkly that he has "more realistic plans" for a prison suicide, dropping to *sotto voce*: "I won't write this down." One hopes the Maryland warden is familiar with the text.

THE DIARY (which ends two days before the assassination attempt in Laurel) records only Bremer's wretched freedom as he tries to reach those ecstatic, murderous, suicidal few seconds. The attempt on Wallace's life, like all such events these delightful days, was photographed in complete detail: One sees Bremer cleaving his way through the crowd, shouting, covered with his preposterous array of Wallace buttons, in his red, white, and blue silk shirt. As he begins to fire he is grinning, though after the second shot his face has dissolved into something incomprehensible.

The unwritten novel in which he is the antihero would have to include the spectacle of his solitary treks, the image of him huddled at the wheel of his blue 1967 Rambler—the trunk crammed with guns—and hunched over this diary in the motel rooms of unfamiliar cities ("cold peopled places") as he shadows the country's powerful men. It would have to show him striding into restaurants and trying to look impressive, trying to appear knowledgeable. Ordering a drink: "I wanted it over ice so I said 'Manhattan—over' but what happened I don't know." It would have to show his morbid paranoia: He is convinced the maid in a hotel dislikes him "because I left my toe nails on the rug in front of my bed." And it would have to follow his voice as it swells to the ponderous little grandiosities Bremer thinks appropriate for his "historic" role: "Call me Ismal. . . . As I said before, I am A Hamlet." And as it deflates to moments of terrible self-recognition, as though he's suddenly glimpsed himself in the mirror:

I'm traveling around like a hobo or some kind of comical character.

In the middle of an entry he suddenly stops, writing:

Funny . . . I've got nothing to say. Have I ever said anything?

And then in Ottawa, the great moment comes and goes:

[Nixon] *went by me before I knew it. Like a snap of the fingers. A dark shillowet, waving, rushed by in the large dark car. "All over," some one said to no one in particular.*

There was one other thing that Bremer knew: His situation was absolutely desperate. "I'm sick, I'm pissed, I'm crasy." In one entry he imagines a "welfare (can I spell it?) pyscologist" reading the diary manuscript: *"Nurse! Get the jacket!"* He adds, "If you think you need a doctor, I guess you're ——" but does not finish his thought. When he was sentenced in Maryland, Bremer remarked: "Looking back on my life, I would have liked it if society had protected me from myself." At various times Bremer was in contact with psychiatrists—who were usually doctors connected with the police, a school, or some such institution. They all shrugged off his obvious disturbance.

Although Bremer knows he is desperately disturbed and can almost concede he needs help, he really has no idea what disturbance means or what help might consist of. The image of a startled psychiatrist matters to Bremer only because, at long last, *somebody* would notice Arthur H. Bremer's presence on this earth. And central to Bremer's desperation is his apparently partly justified belief that he must be mad—murderously mad—to be noticed.

An Assassin's Diary is the suicide note of yet another of America's invisible men, those among us who must discover every detail of what it means not to matter at all. In Ottawa, Bremer was asked by a Mountie protecting Nixon to step aside so photographs could be made of some "noisy" demonstrators. "What a dope!" Bremer wrote. "They should have photographed the quiet ones. He never pointed his camera at me." The novel that has Arthur Bremer as its antihero would have to define him in images of isolation and exhibitionism, the most miserable American solitude as opposed to shouting in the swelling political crowds. The polarities of those images would describe—as does this pathetic little book—the abyss found somewhere between the image of a man burying a book by a lakeshore in the middle of the night and the same man, swaying in a political rally, covered with buttons, clapping and shouting, *"Hey George! Hey George! Over here!"* □

Now a paperback.

The Imprisoned Splendour

by RAYNOR C. JOHNSON

■ **Now you can have this remarkable book for only $2.95—a top-quality Quest Book paperbound. The exciting, readable book for every individual who has ever said to himself, "Why am I."**

The author, a physicist, begins by examining the strangeness of human existence on Earth. He briefs you on all that's known of living things. He fills you in on the various kinds of psychic sense and on the mystical experience.

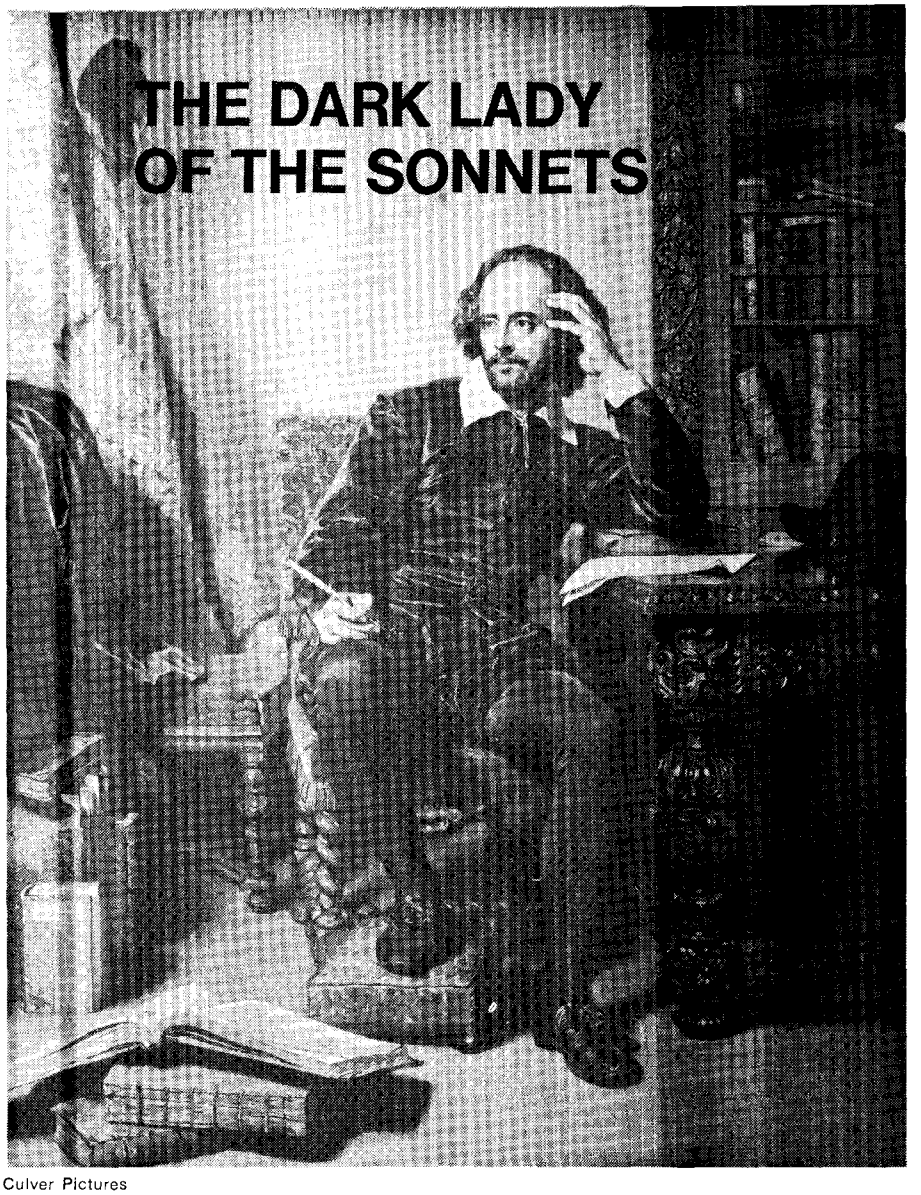
Is the universe friendly? Is there "love at the heart of things"? Dr. Johnson says Yes. 424 pages, paperbound, $2.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

or from QUEST BOOKS Dept. WM, 306 West Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS



Culver Pictures

William Shakespeare—*"The story behind his sonnets is solved definitively."*

Shakespeare the Man
by A. L. Rowse
Harper & Row, 320 pp., $10.00

Reviewed by Frank Kermode

Although this book is likely to cause quite a fuss—prepublication leaks have done so already—it is by no means obvious why it should do so, nor why it calls for a review of some length. What chiefly distinguishes this from other biographies of Shakespeare—of which, believe me, there is plentiful provision—is its claim to absolute certainty at points where others content themselves with conjecture; but this claim tells us more about the author than about Shakespeare, our knowledge of whom the book increases in no very significant way. Furthermore, Dr. Rowse already has a long biography of this poet to his credit. In fact, large sections of this new work are little more than an abridged version of the old, with some additional material. What needs explaining, then, is why everybody wants to talk about it.

My guess is that the explanations should begin at All Souls College, Oxford. This ancient foundation is the archetype of all subsequent think tanks, including the one at Princeton. All Souls is very rich. In the midst of a largely undergraduate university, it has nothing whatever to do with undergraduates, preferring to nurse its superscholars in seclusion. Dr. Rowse has been a Fellow for many years.

One peculiarity of the college is that only half the Fellows are scholars. All Souls has its London Fellows, men of distinction in many fields, mostly politics. In the Thirties it enjoyed the reputation of being virtually the center of the English political establishment. Halifax was a Fellow, and so was Dawson, editor of *The Times* and confidant of Chamberlain. Dr. Rowse, then a young Fellow of tolerated leftist tendencies, vividly describes all these goings on in his book *All Souls and Appeasement*, which continues to blame the old men he dined with for the ruin of England. But what matters here is that for him the college really was the center of the world ("If I were away from All Souls for a fortnight, I ceased to be able to interpret the news in the paper"). To be a Fellow was to possess or claim authority unparalleled in the academic world.

Dr. Rowse has been a prolific essayist, autobiographer, poet, and lecturer, but his fame and authority depend on his performance as a historian. It is, happily, not my business to review his achievement, or to say whether I accept him as "the foremost historian of the society of Shakespeare's age," a judgment that happens to be his own. What concerns us here is his work on Shakespeare's biography. His claim is again to absolute pre-eminence and authority; it is based on his knowledge, a commodity he denies to all who are not Historians using the Historical Method as he has devised it. Rowse's first biography, published here in 1963, expresses astonishment at the near-idiocy of Shakespearean scholars who do not understand this method. Yet he states its principles again and again, and it seems simple enough: What you have to do is "establish a firm dating and chronology." Dr. Rowse, by these means, was able quite easily to clear up difficulties formerly thought impenetrable: to settle the identity of the young man addressed in the sonnets and to date those poems with accuracy. Along the way, certain features of the plays, which nobody else had noticed, grew obvious under the beam of his methodological lamp.

There was, however, one difficulty that he could not solve, that is, the identity of the Dark Lady of the sonnets. Since this resisted the Method, it seemed reasonable to believe that it was totally insoluble. Dr. Rowse left it at this: "We do not know, and are never likely to know, who she was; nor is the matter of much importance—of more sentimental interest than scholarly."

It is, unhappily, a matter of record that the "professors" of whom Dr. Rowse speaks so unkindly showed their usual obtuseness in reviewing his book, though he was able to send them Xeroxes of a letter from Mr. Harold Macmillan—written from his sickbed at a time (in 1963) when he certainly had matters of appar-

Frank Kermode is Northcliffe Professor of Modern English Literature at University College, London, and author of Shakespeare, Spenser and Donne: Renaissance Essays.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ently greater import to consider—that generously certified that he thought *William Shakespeare* fine. This echoed Dr. Rowse's opinion that it had solved "the greatest problem in our literature"—namely, the story behind the sonnets—and solved it definitively, except for that one unimportant matter of the Lady.

Now, ten years later, the Method is at work again on Shakespeare. "The discovery of the Dark Lady completely corroborates, and puts the copingstone, on all my findings," says Dr. Rowse, adding that it all goes to show how much better it is to substitute "rigorous dating and proper chronological method" for "absurd conjectures and guesses *in vacuo*, devoid of any historical knowledge."

Before we examine this copingstone, which, after all, occupies only one chapter, a brief word about the rest of the book. Most of it is not new at all— it almost appears that the author had been writing a routine abridgment of the longer work, often changing no more than a few words in a paragraph, when, on March 3, 1972, the Dark Lady showed up. There are a few extra interjections about the stupidity of the people, the decline of English greatness, and the dumbness of all but a few professors; the tone is even more assertive, the debts to "idiots" (for the work quite properly depends for most of its detail on the work of professors) are less distinctly acknowledged. The prose is more slipshod. Datings are magisterially unexplained, conjectures set down as certainties. There are slips of one kind and another—just the kind of thing Dr. Rowse enjoys berating other people about. For example, on page 64 we are unequivocally instructed that "the proper pronunciation of [Southampton's] family name was Risley." So it may have been, but eleven pages later we find, in a familiar quotation, a poet who was trying to please the man pronouncing it quite differently: "Gentle Wriothesley, Southampton's star." Was the poet Peele a bad poet, or did he just know less than Dr. Rowse? Again there is some odd stuff about Elizabethan spellings, which might well cause some insulted professor to ask whether Dr. Rowse has been into the matters of Elizabethan orthography and printing with a thoroughness to match his certainties.

Still, none of this matters compared with the newly important Dark Lady. Dr. Rowse has been working on the papers of Simon Forman in the Bodleian Library. What most people know about this astrologer is that he wrote notes about some Shakespearean productions at the Globe and accurately predicted the date of his own death. There is much more. It seems extraordinary that nobody else has examined these documents, for the portions here brought to light by Dr. Rowse are of much interest and would be so even without the connection to Shakespeare. The story that emerges is of a young woman, daughter of a court musician, named Emilia Bassana, or Bassany. From around 1588 she had been the mistress of Lord Hunsdon, who as Lord Chamberlain became titular head of Shakespeare's company when, in 1594, it was constituted as the Lord Chamberlain's Men. But his connection with the players was indeed much older than that. When Emilia got pregnant, he married her off—handsomely provided for—to William Lanier, a young musician who spent her money. Both Laniers consulted Forman, who described Emilia as a bit haughty and said she had been "very brown in youth."*

He found her interesting, though, and discovered that she would "halek"—the word he used as a substitute for the timeless four-letter one. This was in June 1597. Dr. Rowse argues—no, asserts—that Will Lanier's wife had shown a similarly generous spirit to Shakespeare and his patron Southampton. He adds a little more, about Emilia's youth, from her father's will; conjectures (asserts) that she was a performer on the virginal—which is not unlikely, after all, since the milieu was musical; and suggests (states) rather oddly that Shakespeare fell in love with her because she was down on her luck, so interpreting the line "If thy unworthiness raised love in me"—a reading on which few, I imagine, would agree, if they were asked. Since Emilia's husband was called Will, this adds to the bawdy fun of Shakespeare's punning on that word. Finally, and clinchingly, Forman says she was "brown."

And that's about it. Dr. Rowse, reviving the old All Souls connection with the Thunderer, published these findings in *The Times* last February, following up with a letter stating that "the chain of evidence cannot be disproved at any point" and that a new era of Shakespearean scholarship had opened: All this by the discovery, if such it be, of a fact that in 1963, when the Method momentarily failed, he dismissed as of small importance.

It might be well to say what—on any normal notion of what constitutes proof—has been proved since this is what people will read the book for. First, Emilia Bassana Lanier was a fast girl who, in the four years when Hunsdon was protecting her, could well have moved in circles familiar to Shakespeare; and no doubt an actor might halek her as well as an astrologer. Secondly, she was of Italian extraction and may have been "brown," could have had black hair. All the rest—her musicianship even, but certainly her acquaintance with Southampton and Shakespeare—is pure conjecture. As such it is interesting, but it is not as such that it is put forward. "No disproof is possible at any point." But this cannot be so; for one thing, we cannot know how many dark girls there were haleking around with actors, musicians, astrologers. The whole thing is an interesting glimpse of how people went on—Rowse's forthcoming book about Forman should afford many more—but Emilia is not thereby more strongly connected with the sonnets than are other candidates.

It is all, finally, rather sad. A fascinating little article is blown up into a book; the insecure arrogance of the book, which may not be unrelated to the milieu from which it comes, ensures that the kind of attention it will get will be of the wrong sort. It is not surprising that other historians write to *The Times* to assure us that they do not share Dr. Rowse's views on evidence and Method. There was, indeed, some surprise that *The Times* should give its pages over to this affair; but Dr. Rowse himself has shown that such things have happened before and on occasions when the correct and cautious interpretation of the evidence, the sorting out of fact from opinion and truth from bluster, was a matter of much greater importance. □

*Since this review was written, Dr. Rowse appears to have accepted the view, that the word is not "brown" but "brave"—which takes some color from his argument.

New Issue

MULTIRACIAL HOUSING AS AN INVESTMENT

ph PARTNERS IN HOUSING

Limited Partnership Interests

$1,500 each, payable over 8 months.

GOAL: To participate in a tax sheltered real estate partnership providing quality housing for *all* people.

HELP END THE INJUSTICE OF CLOSED HOUSING.

Send for free prospectus

James Farmer & Morris Milgram
Partners in Housing, DEPT. WM-3
8702 Crispin St., Phila., Pa. 19136

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

This ad is not an offer to sell, nor a solicitation of offers to buy these securities. The offering is made only by the prospectus—available only in states where these securities may be offered.

Neither the Attorney General of the State of N.Y. nor the Attorney General of the State of N.J. nor the Bureau of Securities of the State of N.J. has passed on or endorsed the merits of this offering. Any representation to the contrary is unlawful.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

Current Books in Short Compass

ONE WOMAN'S ARCTIC
by Sheila Burnford
Atlantic-Little, Brown
224 pp., $7.95

Sheila Burnford spent two years in and around Pond Inlet, an Eskimo settlement of roughly 400 on Baffin Island, close to the North Pole. Although she cites works read before and during her sojourn, we learn from her account less of Eskimo language and life than of Miss Burnford's minor concerns. "If I had an art to practice," she writes, "it was to putter peacefully, with nothing particular in view, to absorb and be absorbed by my surroundings—a mindless art at which, along with beachcombing, I excel."

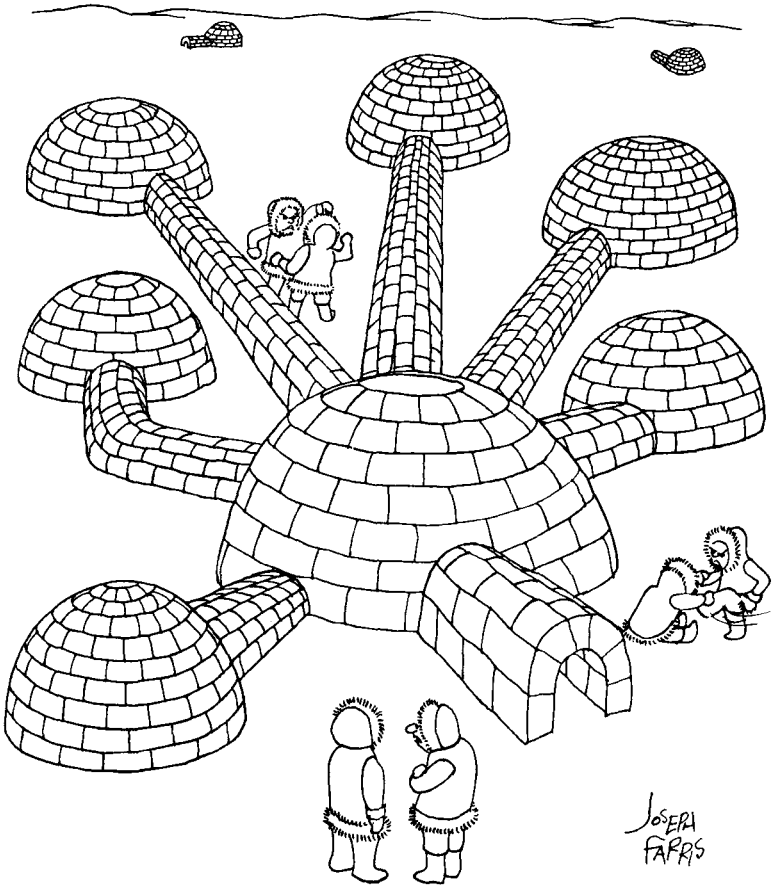
Little wonder, then, that the narrative abounds with wide-eyed wonderment, imparts little information, and reflects no profound understanding. For it is the scrapbook of an arctic beachcomber, a ragtag collection of impressions—of wild flowers, birdcalls, an occasional Eskimo proverb or myth—as well as the carefully recorded minutiae of daily living in the frozen outback.

Miss Burnford is given to gushy recitals of nearly everything she thinks or feels, her words seemingly chosen with an ear to the oohs and ahs from the grandchildren back home. Her parochialism seems remarkable for a woman who has spent many presumably horizon-expanding months among the indigenes of the Canadian wilderness. Thus she praises Eskimo youths for not being "bent on doing their own thing, setting off on their own to live close to the land," and marvels at the "innate" artistic ability of the children.

Ironically, she seems unaware of her own patronizing attitude toward the Eskimos and oblivious of the white man's burden that clearly rides on her shoulders. Nevertheless, one can only admire her curiosity and above all her willingness to give up comfort and security for narwhaling and living in flimsy tents out on the ice floe.

Still, anyone inclined to be romantic about unending encounters with white, featureless horizons, barren desolation, and the nomadic struggle for survival is in for a disappointment. We learn not of igloos and dog sleds, caribou and whale, but of prefabricated "crackerboxes" rented at six dollars a month from the Canadian government, complete with electricity, running water, heat, and telephones. Instead of high adventure, there is a depressing picture of how the nomadic life of hunters and fishermen is being phased out by the white welfare-state society. And we are left, finally, with the dismal image of a "hunter trotting briskly home with a carton on his shoulder, a packet of Gleam White or Dream Whip peeping out, and a box of Zesty Pep Corn Flakes resting on a box of ammunition."

SUSAN HEATH



"We hired a committee of architects!"

HUSTLING: PROSTITUTION IN OUR WIDE OPEN SOCIETY
by Gail Sheehy
Delacorte Press, 288 pp., $7.95

After what must have been an awesome job of research, Gail Sheehy has drawn a picture of big-city prostitution that includes most of the elements crucial to the trade: the big-business men, the real estate interests, the pornography trade (what pornography films promise, the prostitute delivers), the pimps, and, not least, the prostitutes themselves. There are several distinct breeds of prostitute, the newest of which is the knife-pulling type who simply mugs prospective clients without bothering with the traditional work of the profession. There are the hotel hustlers and the more sedate call girls who work for a madam, ambitious careerists who hope, by dint of hard work, the right clothes, and a date book, to advance to an apartment and a clientele of their own. In an excessively literary vein, Miss Sheehy has included in her assembly of prostitutes those women who specialize in marrying rich men, a construction so worked out here as to give an arty air to an otherwise down-to-earth document. Hours of talk with streetwalkers and call girls are reproduced here, along with an almost too immediate sense of cold streets at four in the morning, of blank-eyed women, and of tawdry hotels. It is an intelligent, fairly tough-minded book that gives the lie, among other things, to the image of the harlot with a heart of gold. They are tough, not infrequently murderous women, the author suggests; their condition is pathological. Yet there are lively aspects to the profession, and Miss Sheehy is good at getting to them: to the excitement, the breakneck pace of every day, the competition, the fast acquisition of money. If it is a grim life, those in it can give their reasons for being there, and Miss Sheehy gives those reasons their tribute without undue sentimentality.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked Ahead

Notes on Forthcoming Books

Black Poet

David Mandessi Diop was the leading black poet of African anticolonialism. Born in Bordeaux in 1927 of a Senegalese father and a Cameroonian mother, he studied in Paris, taught in Guinea, and disappeared in a plane over the Atlantic in 1960. In September Indiana University Press will publish *Hammer Blows and Other Writings*—half poems and half essays and biographical material—edited and translated by Frank Jones and Simon Mponde. Here's what Diop says about kowtowing African blacks in Paris salons:

THE RENEGADE

My brother with teeth that flash to hypocritical compliments
My brother with gold-rimmed glasses
Over eyes turned blue by the Master's word
My poor brother with silk-lined dinner jacket
Squeaking and droning and strutting in the parlors of condescension
We find you pitiable
Your country's sun is nothing but a shadow
On your serenely civilized brow
And your grandmother's hut
Brings blushes to a face whitened by years of humiliation and Mea Culpa
But when stuffed with empty echoing words
Like the box that surmounts your shoulders
You tread the bitter red earth of Africa
Then these anguished words will mark your troubled steps
I feel alone here so alone!

Floods of Wine

We have had, and have coming up, a veritable shower of wine books. I think the most useful will be *Alexis Bespaloff's Guide to Inexpensive Wines* (Simon & Schuster, September). The author has been a wine retailer and importer, and wrote the best-selling *Signet Book of Wine*. In preparing his new book he tasted 2000 wines priced under $3.50—his original intention was wines under $3.00, but, you know, inflation. . . . I've been in his apartment while this tasting was going on, and it was like a warehouse. The book covers the wines of all the countries you'd expect and has a supplement assessing fifty wines in gallons. The palate, of course, is the thing. For example:

> Some years ago I dined in an elaborately decorated and expensive restaurant in Atlanta. I was so surprised to see *gazpacho* on the menu that I ordered it, and this cold soup was beautifully served in a silver tureen, accompanied by minced onion and croutons. As I began to eat the soup, I had the most peculiar impression about its taste, which was later confirmed by a friendly waiter: I was sitting a long way from home, eating canned tomato juice out of a bowl with a spoon.
>
> If there is any lesson to be learned from this incident, it is to trust your own reaction to whatever you taste. The extent to which many people are intimidated about their ability to judge wine was brought home to me when a successful importer explained his sales technique to me.
>
> "When I offer a customer a sample of wine," he said, "I make sure to taste it before he does, and immediately pronounce it excellent. The most he can do after that is demote it to very good."

Feece and Pear?

If I'm ever caught without a good book around the house, I reread an Evelyn Waugh or a Kingsley Amis. We have two Amis productions this fall, both Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. *On Drink* (October) is a short snort, too British, really, for us. He recommends putting ketchup and orange juice in a Bloody Mary! Horseradish, yes. Clam juice, okay, but ketchup? Come, now! The other book is *The Riverside Villa Murders* (September 12), and a good thriller it is. The American publishers have left all the Briticisms in, which is an added mystery. I know what a "John Thomas" is, and I know that our brothers use "recce" for reconnaissance, and their use of "quieten" doesn't bother me. But what does it mean when a character says, "Thank you for a sawney tea"? Or, "He had momentary trouble sorting out feece and pear"? Partridge on slang doesn't help me. Nor Mencken, nor the OED, nor a couple of English friends. Information please?

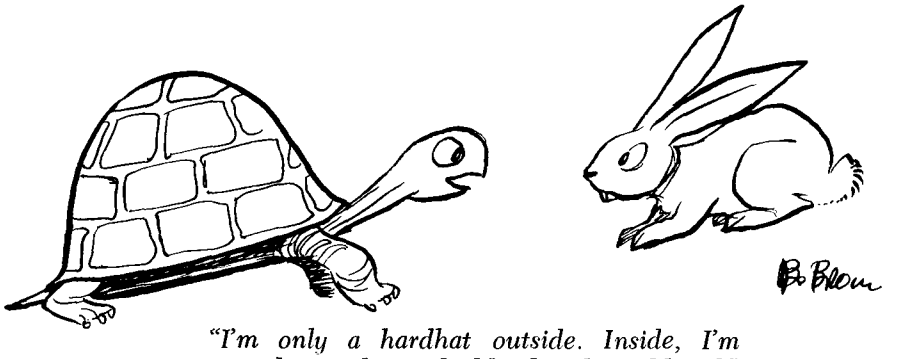
Three Solid Writers

I can think of three American writers, not part of the New York literary establishment, who keep on turning out beautifully written, exciting books: Alan Harrington, Don Carpenter, and Paul Theroux. The latter (pronounced "thorough") has lived in various African nations, in Italy and Singapore, and now has set down in England. His *Saint Jack* (Houghton Mifflin, September 10) is about a fifty-three-year-old American no-good in Singapore, who works as a dogsbody to a Chinese merchant and does pimping on the side. But, no, he's a lovable fellow. The book is full of wonderful observations: "I watched the general arrive—a tanned, well-shod, barrel-chested man, who walked with the easy responsible swing of a man accustomed to empty hands."

. . . Got a Little List

Ann Birstein has published three novels and a clutch of novellas; so she knows something about the publishing scene, as she will demonstrate in late August when Coward, McCann & Geoghegan brings out *Dickie's List*. Dickie Baxter is a bright young editor, and Sandra, his wife, who tells the tale, has a lot of problems, including Dickie and her Jewish mama, who is stashed away in a rest home. But most of the book is about publishing: the egomaniacal tough-guy novelist who's had one great big hit and turns up with his tensely awaited new one, unfortunately experimental hogwash; the "in" French restaurant where the big-shot editor has his own special table reserved every lunchtime; the party where you find authors, publishers, agents, and hangers-on "jammed in together on the second floor of Ed's elegant town house, laughing too much, talking too much, drinking too much, absently picking things off the trays circulated by the hired butlers who have come with the catered hors d'oeuvres."

WILLIAM COLE



"I'm only a hardhat outside. Inside, I'm squushy, tender, and a bleeding-heart liberal."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTO THE MIDNIGHT TWILIGHT

by Dena Kaye

At 2:00 A.M. in the Scandinavian summer, the sky at last turns the shade of a fading day. The moon sometimes rises, as it did the other night in the Norwegian fjords, like a perfect egg yolk, emerging with almost heavy-handed drama between the defilade of two mountains. I stood on the deck of the *Royal Viking Sky*, shaking itself down on a trial run, and watched the lights of the few houses strung along the hemline of the land. Only southward toward Denmark does the sky give hint of nighttime darkness.

I wondered how the Vikings, those rough and tumble Norsemen who cruised in these inland seas more than a millennium ago, could have left this area of staggering beauty to explore, ravage, and conquer. The Viking outbreak, which had to some extent the traits of a national movement, led them to such places as America, France, Russia, and even Constantinople. Yet here in their homeland lives the tranquility that man seeks and seldom discovers.

THE NEW VESSELS of the Royal Viking Line are designed to explore the world in search of scenery and serenity. Hardcore hands, who still cross oceans in ships, may lament the passing of basement-level dining rooms where grandes dames once obliged with show-stopping entrances. But they can't help admiring, this *salle à manger* lined with picture windows on both sides and appointed in clean-cut orange and white Scandinavian decor.

Lounges on three different levels have windows that seem to stretch from floor to ceiling. On this cozy, $25 million ship, only a third the size of the S.S. *France* (the world's largest passenger ship in service), it is the custom to have after-dinner coffee in the Trondheim Lounge, a salon done in canary yellow, or in the Discovery Room, filled with cushy, almond-brown leather chairs. On the airlines, captains are frequently unappreciated when they wake sleeping passengers with announcements about a river or a gulch few have ever heard of. On a scenic cruise such as this one, it's an unwritten rule that the first person to see something of particular beauty—a waterfall rushing into the calm water or the first clue of the mouth of the fjord opening up into rougher seas—points this out to the chap in the neighboring chair, and it hardly matters whether or not that passenger is asleep.

Copenhagen and Bergen, in Norway, are the customary starting gates for cruises through the fjords, those mighty grooves clawed out of mountains by glaciers and invaded by the sea when the ice withdrew. I boarded the trial cruise of the one-class *Royal Viking Sky* in Trondheim, the hometown of the ship's owner, and, appropriately, the site of the first capital of the Viking kings. Trondheim is a third of the way up the western coast, an hour's plane ride from Oslo or a scenic all-day train ride "already filled with American students," as one traveler noted.

Aside from being a seat of kings and a homeland of shipping merchants, Trondheim is famed for its Nidaros cathedral, built in the Middle Ages as a shrine to Saint Olav, King of Norway, and visited by the faithful from every Christian land in the world. Actress Liv Ullmann's movie fans know that she spent childhood days here, perhaps imparting the theatrical flair that the city arranged for the ship's send-off.

A band on the quay led by the local John Philip Sousa played energetic marching tunes. Children chased after the colored streamers flung like Frisbees from each deck to the supportive cheers of an SRO crowd. As the last "all visitors ashore" echoed through the *Sky*, a fleet of small fishing boats positioned themselves as our escort out of the harbor.

We were off on a five-day cruise south to Copenhagen, anchoring each day for shore excursions to towns in the fjords. Included in the sights would be small villages, skiing competitions, perhaps a Norwegian cold table at a local inn, and always, the magnificent scenery.

There is something uplifting to the soul to stand on the wind-washed deck of a ship as it leaves port; one could scarcely allow a thought about *mal de mer*. The waters are smooth and sometimes even warm. An offshoot of Gulf Stream water sideswipes Norway en route to arctic Europe, so that the fjords, in the same latitude as ice-covered south Greenland and the Bering Sea, are unexpectedly mild. Some areas even grow fruit and tobacco.

IT WAS THIS benign climate, accompanying the splendor of the scenery, that first drew visitors from abroad. Ranking members of that other seafaring people, the British, first came to the fjords at the turn of the century. The Romsdal Valley, our first stop after an overnight sail from Trondheim, was one of their favorite retreats.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The English were the first foreigners I had ever seen," recounts a Norwegian, remembering summers at his parents' house in Aandalsnes, the small town at the fingertip of the Romsdalsfjord. "The nobility used to bring their entire entourage, settle in on big estates, and fish for salmon in the Rauma River." Others remember the Romsdal Valley as the escape route of the Norwegian king and crown prince during World War II. Bombing attempts to stop their flight were so heavy that many towns have had to be rebuilt since the war.

But the talk around Aandalsnes this warm summer day centers on the annual midsummer skiing competition. The famous Trollstigen Road zigzags up to the ski area. Trollstigen is named after the trolls, supernatural inhabitants of Norway's forests and mountains, who explode in sunlight. Trolls are big, clumsy creatures who are blamed when such things as sheep, pretty girls, or freshly picked berries disappear. Edvard Grieg, Norway's famed composer, musically described them in his piece *In the Hall of the Mountain King*.

In a half-hour bus ride, we passed from pine-forested mountains plunging into the glassy water of the fjord to craggy cliffs dressed with waterfalls and topped with a bed of snow. It didn't seem to matter that our attire was strictly for cruising: short sleeves and sneakers. Everyone trooped through the meadow of vanilla sherbet to watch the summer skiers whoosh by.

FAIR-WEATHER PLEASURES in the Romsdal Valley (and nearby Geiranger fjord area) include climbing a wide variety of mountains. Romsdalhorn, soaring nearly a vertical mile above the Rauma, is one of the most challenging. Many people hike into the mountains for days at a time, staying in hostels or cabins. Visitors are on the honor system to leave money for the food and drink that is always stocked in the cabin. As one outdoorsman said, "No one would ever consider not paying. It's a special kind of people who hike in the mountains."

Despite its remote location, Aandalsnes doesn't live in a beautiful vacuum, nor is it without its twentieth-century problems. Controversy colors the proposition of draining the Maridalsfossen for hydroelectric power. Ecology lobbyists and many intellectuals would preserve it as a thing of beauty for tourists and Norwegians alike. Many of them lay down in front of the bulldozers at Maridalsfossen but to no avail. The falls will be drained in two years' time and a dam built, submerging the valley in water.

Pathway to Briksdal Glacier—*"an arm of an ice field the size of New York City."*

Norwegians have always had a special relationship with their country. While they are reverent of its beauty, and live within it, this perpendicular landscape of mountains laid bare by the receding Ice Age has perpetually challenged their survival. It was the threat of hunger that forced the Vikings to venture forth on many perilous voyages. How difficult survival must have been is perhaps intimated by their vision of heaven as a place where they would feast on boiled pork, supplied by the boar Saerimne, which could be eaten one day only to reappear the next, juicy and plentiful as ever.

There are little more than 5000 arable acres of a total of 125,000 in the country, but not all of them are cultivated. Farms are spread on such steep inclines that children often have to play on a lead rope attached to a tree so they won't slip down. Cows are taken up into the mountains for the summer so the grass by the house can be cut and stored for food in the coming winter.

Lake Olden in the Olden Valley at the tip of the Nordfjord has been the site of several tragedies. In this peaceful dell, the backdrop of many scenes from the film *Song of Norway*, avalanches have crashed down into the blue-green lake, destroying whole communities in minutes. But today, in summertime, boats carry visitors across the serene waters, and in the winter horses pull buggies across the frozen lake to the other side.

Farming and tourism are the main industries in this placid valley. One of the most spectacular attractions is the excursion to the Briksdal Glacier, an arm of the Jostedals Glacier, which is said to be as large as New York City. Motorized transport or carriage will deposit visitors at the Briksdalsbre Fjellstova, a mountain guesthouse where the mile-long ascent begins. One can walk forty-five minutes to the base of the glacier or take the five-dollar round-trip horse-and-buggy ride. Not everybody is willing to climb, for last summer 14,000 non-hikers were transported up the slope.

Walking is as much a venerated national pastime in Norway as watching baseball is in America. It is well worth a taste of the Norwegian outdoors to go on foot. As you stop by a waterfall to look up at Briksdal, the glacier seems to grow out of a field of yellow wild flowers and low-slung greenery. This ice-blue bib tucked over brown mountains ends abruptly in a dirt plateau, sliced by a stream filled with rocks of ice. The only interruptions in the still-life scene are rumblings of frozen chunks shaking loose from the body of the glacier.

One of the outstanding Norwegian culinary triumphs in the valley is the cold table at the Alexandra Hotel in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dena Kaye
Bergen Market—*Whale meat for supper?*

Loen. Norwegian fare is straightforward, honest, a cuisine sprung from nature. If many of the foods are pickled, dried, or have a salty or smoked taste, it is largely because of the long winter and the need to preserve food.

The centerpiece of the Alexandra's cold table was a thirty-pound salmon caught that morning in the Loen River. Laid in state on a wooden platter, it was served with lemon slices and a horseradish butter sauce. Backup dishes included all varieties of cold cuts, a local sausage called *nordfjord-pölse,* robust breads and Kleenex-thin crackers, and cheese, including *gammelost,* which literally means "old cheese." Its misleading title, as with that of the 1000-year-old eggs the Chinese favor, refers not to its age but to the ancient method of preparing it from sour rather than fresh milk. All of this manna is washed down with aquavit and beer, those Scandinavian elixirs of life.

BUT THE HUMBLE herring stole the show. I counted at least fifteen different flavors of this fish, which had become a staple of the European diet by the twelfth century and was sometimes looked on as the bearer of divine messages. Herring is cured with salt, spices, and different kinds of wine. Combinations produce such delicacies as *sennepsild,* herring with mustard sauce and chives; herring with apples, peaches, and pears; and herring with onions and sour cream, used in Norway with the same enthusiasm with which the French dole out *crème fraîche.*

A PASSER-BY can indulge in this feast for seven dollars, and stay overnight in plain rooms for thirty dollars, meals not included. For a bit more charm, the old wing of the white timber Yris Hotel in Olden, has rooms with enclosed terraces looking over a heated pool toward the mountains. A double costs twenty dollars, without meals.

There are countless side trips along the entire fjord coastline. In this area, nearby Strynfjord is ablaze in fruit orchards. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has spent several summers in the Hjelle Hotel, and some people recall when the Dutch royal family anchored in these parts to attend local church services. At the top of Strynfjell Road, one sees bikini-clad skiers from the nearby ski school at Tystigen, where even in June the roads may be closed because of snow.

But Bergen is the town that generates the most talk about the weather. It is said that in Bergen a horse will bolt at the sight of a man who does not have an umbrella. The morning I arrived this white town, spread across seven hills, gleamed in sunshine that would have challenged the rays of the choicest California morning.

With the *joie de vivre* of a sailor on leave for a day, I strolled along the Bryggen, the quay, of the 900-year-old port, where German merchants lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They were part of the Hanseatic League, whose members were merchants from mainly north German towns and who had formed the league to protect their trading interests. This all-male community maintained strict laws and never mingled with the townspeople. One storekeeper, a self-appointed historical scholar, told me that some men had married into the community and the others had returned to Germany after a two-year stay.

Beyond the medieval section, one falls into the market, a big square on the harbor's edge, best known for fish. But don't expect to find this by your nose; the seafood is so fresh there is no smell.

The fish market is the first port of call for Bergen's housewives, who lean over big cement tanks to pick cod, the Norwegian beefsteak of the sea, making sure it is fresh enough to be described as *blodfersk,* blood fresh. Vendors pile their carts with pink *crevettes,* cuts of snowy halibut, and purplish slabs of whale meat, which, I was assured, is eaten twice a week in Bergen households. This

Wonderful Sight Light

There's Nothing Like It!

No glare . . . No squint . . .

Up to 5 times the light of conventional lamps . . . yet completely glareless.

Contemporary Model

✶ READING SMALLEST PRINT
✶ SEWING BLACK ON BLACK

Specially designed optical system uses standard bulb.

Fully Adjustable

Satin brass combined with base and shade in Black, White or Avocado.

Traditional	$62.50
Contemporary	$49.50
Overall Satin Brass (Contemp. only)	$69.50

Traditional Model

LIGHT-CRAFTERS

Buy America's Favorite Reading Lamp

Shipment Postpaid—Check or Money Order

C12 • Ten Lexington Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830

LIGHT-CRAFTERS – *QUALITY PRODUCTS – FULLY GUARANTEED*

QTY. STYLE

Traditional Color:

Contemporary Color:

Overall Brass (Contemporary)

Name

Address

City State Zip

Check or M.O. for total: $_____ WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What did you do during the Behavioral Revolution?

It need not have been bomb-throwing, establishment-overturning, or monkey wrench-tossing... JUST BY BEING ALIVE TODAY, YOU ARE PARTICIPATING IN THE BEHAVIORAL REVOLUTION!

HUMAN BEHAVIOR

The Newsmagazine of the Social Sciences

...is the first national magazine to report exclusively, authoritatively and **interestingly** on what today's social scientists are discovering about that most fascinating of all subjects... *you and me, and why we behave as we do.*

In a little more than a year of publication, HUMAN BEHAVIOR has become one of the fastest growing and most talked about new publications in the nation. It is **must** reading for social scientists (50% of its subscribers have advanced degrees), and is fascinating reading for the "non-professional." The format is attractive and inviting, brief and easy-to-read, distinguished by excellent graphics and the use of full color bring the "cream" of the discoveries being made in human research to the reader in an interesting and non-time-consuming manner.

For example, recent issues have reported on the following subjects:

The psychodrama aboard a hijacked plane.
Occupations having the greatest difficulty adjusting to unemployment.
Therapists who make parents the scapegoats for their children's problems.
Why some therapists have sexual relations with their patients.
How gun users who are potential murderers can be identified.
The "truth" about bullfighters discovered on a Spanish psychiatrist's couch.
How gifted children can be "turned off" in kindergarten.
Why depression decreases during periods of violence and rioting.
How drug-using college students compare academically with straight students.

Each issue features the Human Behavior Reports presenting coverage of current developments in various departments such as:

- **Learning**
- **Violence**
- **Work**
- **Politics**
- **Sex**
- **Addictions**
- **Minorities**
- **Folkways**
- **Public Welfare**
- **Therapy**
- **The Media**
- **Social Behavior**
- **Crime**
- **Women's Lib**
- **The Family**
- **Population**
- **Communication**
- **The Campus**

In addition there are major features on important subjects like the psychological problems of returning Viet Nam veterans, drug abuse, the alienation of the American worker, deceit in American politics, the new age of the psyched-out athlete, Alpha waves and meditation, the ordeals of the Ph.D. candidate, encounter groups and the inside story of how psychologists helped the defense pick the Angela Davis jury resulting in her acquittal. Each issue also features an intimate profile of the lifestyle and work of someone at the forefront of social science knowledge and activity. Recent profiles have included B. F. Skinner, Arthur Jensen, S. I. Hayakawa, Thomas Szasz, Masters and Johnson, Carl Rogers, Jerome Jaffe, Laurence J. Peter, R. D. Laing and the late Fritz Perls.

Find out more about yourself, those around you, your society and HUMAN BEHAVIOR...Send now for your COMPLIMENTARY COPY of the current issue of HUMAN BEHAVIOR. We will be pleased to send it to you with absolutely no obligation on your part. We are confident that once you see this fantastic new magazine you will want to take advantage of the special 30% discount offered only to new subscribers.

Simply send us the completed coupon provided, **but be sure to do it now while we are still able to make this complimentary offer.** We will send you the current issue of HUMAN BEHAVIOR, and will also enter your money saving subscription (you can save up to $8.20) per your instructions. **You need not pay now** and if you are not completely satisfied with your first copy just write cancel on the bill you will receive after you have had a chance to read your first copy and return the bill to us. That's it, your first copy is yours to keep with our compliments, and you have no further obligation. As you can see, you have nothing to lose and you will be fascinated by what you learn.

Send for your complimentary copy now!

Human Behavior Magazine
P. O. Box 2810
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my FREE COPY OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR MAGAZINE and enter my subscription as indicated below. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied with my first issue, I can simply write "Cancel" on the bill and return it to you. My first issue is mine to keep free – with no further obligation.

☐ Introductory subscription of five additional issues at only **$7.20** (a **$1.80 saving** off the newsstand price).
☐ Eleven additional issues at only **$9.80** (an **$8.20 saving** off the newsstand price).
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me later.
☐ Please bill my

BankAmericard No. _____

Master Charge No. _____

Dr. / Mr. / Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Add $1.50 for Canada and Foreign.
For new subscribers only. 4-085

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

announcement was delivered with the pride for which Bergensers are noted. They tell the story of the little boy whose family moved to a new town. At first he refused to tell his schoolmates where he was from. Later he said, "I didn't want to boast on my first day, but I'm from Bergen."

Bergensers are also proud of their native sons, among them Edvard Grieg, the composer whose famed romantic music was rooted in the national folk tradition of Norway. One of his best known works is the music for Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. Grieg lived at Troldhaugen, five miles outside the city. Set on a lake, his house has become a national museum that retains his studio, his piano (the chair is still stacked with the copies of Beethoven's symphonies he sat on), and his notes. He once left a sign that read "Thieves who break in can take everything, but not my notes."

Concerts are held at Grieg's house during a two-week festival in June, and weekly piano recitals are performed in his living room during the summer. He is buried, with his wife, in a casket fitted into a niche in a rock facing the lake, so that, as he requested, the last sunbeam of the day falls on his grave.

Not far from Grieg's house, the Fantoft Stave Church stands like a black Nordic pagoda at the top of a steep, wooded path. Built barely a hundred years after Christianity superseded paganism in Norway, stave churches such as this are a testimony to the artisanship of the timber craftsmen and woodmakers of the twelfth century.

HANDSOME ARCHITECTURE, much of it of wood, distinguishes Bergen's townscape. Although the city has been periodically ravaged by fire, there have been substantial efforts by banks, shipping companies, and private interests to preserve what is left of the old buildings. Gamle Bergen, or Old Bergen, on the northern outskirts of town, is an outdoor museum, a small town in itself, with cobbled streets, alleyways, and squares in a setting of trees and grass. Done with great care for detail, the houses and shops are several centuries old.

A few days in Bergen would allow a visitor time to sample the *haute cuisine* at the Bellevue Restaurant, the favorite French outpost of shipping circles; to visit the folklore festival in Fana, complete with fiddlers, folk dancing, and a Norwegian meal; to join a folksy crowd at the Holbergstuen for homemade meatballs and beer; or to buy a hand-knit sweater at the Husfliden.

Overnight lodgings may be reserved at the Norge Hotel in the middle of town. The second-floor balcony of this hostelry is the afternoon gathering spot for many fashionable Bergensers. The Grill Room has a faithful following for such international dishes as Shashlik Orientale Flambé, cold poached salmon, and Karuisawa rib-eye steak.

As the robust herring-and-halibut life of Norway melted away behind us, the *Royal Viking Sky* sailed out of Bergen's tidy harbor. I leaned over the upper-deck railing to watch the ship's pool come alive with activity in the afternoon's warmth. The scene was a picture of cruise life drawn from a Thirties film about a cruise along the Côte d'Azur: people stretched out in lounge chairs, lying shoulder to shoulder along the length of the pool; blue umbrellas, tousled by the wind, shaded sybarites sipping negronis and beer. The next day we would slip into the bright lights of Copenhagen, where Vikings lead a more sophisticated life. □

(This is the first in a two-part series on Scandinavia.)

THERE IS ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE.

You're standing on seven miles of sand looking straight west to Japan.

Last week you felt the warmth of a bonfire in our Cariboo country, tasted fresh fruit from our orchards, touched cedar trees that were fifteen feet around in a park in the middle of a metropolis.

You've seen a quiet island city that appeared to have been plucked from the pages of Charles Dickens, and you've heard the cry of eagles over a misty rainforest.

You've gone as far as you can go on the west coast of Canada. And in the process of losing the world, you've found yourself.

THE TIME IS FALL.
THE PLACE IS BRITISH COLUMBIA.

For more travel information, write:
The British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

73-518-D

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WOLFMAN STRIKES AGAIN

by Hollis Alpert

Nostalgia in movies has taken a leap from the Forties and Fifties *(Summer of '42, Class of '44, The Last Picture Show)* to the Sixties, with *American Graffiti*, a film that looks back with tolerant humor at some high school buddies in a small northern California town. I would have thought that the time was ripe for more filmic and fictional re-creation of the Fifties, and thus I was somewhat unprepared for a nostalgic treatment of 1962. Was it all that long ago?

It's relative, of course. If you're thirty, ten years is a third of a lifetime, and those dear, dead days have a pleasant glow about them. Those responsible for *American Graffiti*—about which I should say right off that it is astonishingly entertaining and well made—are all very much on the young side. The graybeard of the bunch, the producer, Francis Ford Coppola, is thirty-three, and the director, George Lucas, isn't very long out of his film courses at USC. The story is loosely based on Lucas's memories of his late teens, and he is cowriter with Gloria Katz and Willard Huyck.

Although Universal financed the project, the makers stayed away from that firm's imposing studio facilities and instead utilized a ministudio in San Francisco called American Zoetrope, a facility headed by, again, Mr. Coppola, who is apparently a dynamo. Equally adept at screenwriting and direction, he served in both capacities for *The Godfather*. He is already the owner of an Oscar for the screenplay of *Patton*, and he previously directed several other films, among them *The Rain People* and *Finian's Rainbow*. Having spotted Lucas's student science-fiction short, *THX 1138*, Coppola gave him the opportunity to develop it into a low-budget feature spectacle at his San Francisco studio. Coppola obviously has power, and he is using it well.

The sound track of *American Graffiti* is deliberately obtrusive. It sets the period, establishes the mood, raucously accompanies the action. In the film songs such as "Chantilly Lace" (The Big Bopper) and "Teen Angel" (Mark Dinning) blare out from a million car radios. These songs, and at least fifty others, emanate from the all-night radio show of a disk jockey known as The Wolfman, who growls his own accompaniment to the songs and chats hoarsely with young callers-in. And eventually he (the genuine Wolfman Jack) makes an appearance and proves to be just a nice, middle-aged guy in non-wolf clothing.

The story involves what was then (all those eleven years ago) called "cruising," and perhaps still is. These California teen-agers have their own cars, chrome-laden Chevvies and Fords, passed on down, perhaps, from their parents. In them they cruise up and down the town's main street, eyed by the local police, looking for pickups, passing insults to each other through car windows, and using as their focal meeting point a hamburger drive-in. The worries of the kids

Richard Dreyfuss in "American Graffiti"—*"The intellectual of the group."*

are not great: Should they leave the hometown for an Eastern college? Should they leave a girl behind or stay and keep going steady? The action takes place during one night, and all problems are pretty much resolved by morning. What happens is fresh and funny and quite true to the time and place. If there is a flaw, it is that the story is put together too neatly. Four threads are developed and then knotted together a bit artificially. Reminiscence usually works best when it is heightened, and here Lucas has hoked up his story. But he keeps it moving and makes it affectionately funny.

The young actors are good and cast to type. Richard Dreyfuss is the intellectual of the group, and we are informed at the end that in his later years (his *twenties*) he became a writer and went to Canada to live. Ronny Howard is his close friend and boyfriend of his sister (Cindy Williams). Charlie Martin Smith plays the shrimp with dreams of make-out glory, and Paul Le Mat is the town's champion drag racer, a tough guy with a heart of gold. There are others who impress, too, especially Candace Clark, who could easily be mistaken in real life, as she admits that she is in the film, for Sandra Dee. I also liked Bo Hopkins as the town hood. But it would be hard not to like everyone and everything about the film. Its intentions may not be particularly lofty, but what it sets out to do it succeeds in doing very well.

IT WAS MARK TWAIN who said, "Sorrow is the secret source of humor." Perhaps Mark Harris was aware of this dictum when he wrote *Bang the Drum Slowly*, a novel published in 1956. Since that time a good many have had their eye on the book as a potential movie, but those who judge such things decided that a funny story about a dying baseball player was not precisely what the box office needed. At any rate, after umpteen options, the book fell into the hands of Maurice Rosenfield, a Chicago-based lawyer, who decided to produce it with his wife, Lois. Looking around for a screenwriter, he found the author himself available, and for a director he chose a relative newcomer, John Hancock. The result is a unique, touching, and often howlingly funny movie.

The story involves Henry Wiggen, ace pitcher for a team known as the New York Mammoths, who discovers that his roommate, catcher Bruce Pearson, is ill with Hodgkin's disease and will eventually die of it. From then on it's a matter of attempting to hide the dread fact from the rest of the team and its owners and manager until Bruce plays one last season. How can this be funny? It is, because the writing is so good and treads the careful line between humor and pathos, which are sometimes one and the same. And it's also because of the shining performances of Michael Moriarty as Henry, Robert DeNiro as Bruce, and Vincent Gardenia as the suspicious manager, who at last learns the truth and plays ball, so to speak, with Henry and the rest of the sentimental team. It's a small film in compass, but a gem. If you're looking for solid, likable screen entertainment, don't miss *American Graffiti* or, by any means, *Bang the Drum Slowly*.

WIT TWISTER NO. 2

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

By new — — — — — — — dismayed, he quits his post.
His influence — — — — — — — — and, like a ghost,
This proud — — — — — — — — from the government
Fades from the view of those he'd represent.

A. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Krzysztof Penderecki—*"Poet-evangelist amid a generation of musical noisemakers."*

PENDERECKI'S PROGRESS

by Irving Kolodin

Few composers of recent decades have enjoyed so swift or so spectacular a rise to world prominence as Krzysztof Penderecki. For the first thirty-four years of his life, he was barely known outside his native Poland. Now approaching his fortieth birthday (in November), he has acquired a reputation that assures public performance of almost anything he chooses to write.

The date of fulfillment may be pinpointed as May 26, 1967, when his *Passion According to St. Luke* was introduced to the English-speaking world in London's Festival Hall. Its largeness of thought and breadth of vision engendered a respect that has made each new Penderecki premiere a major event of the year in which it has taken place. Whether the *Dies Irae* "dedicated to the victims of Auschwitz," a stage treatment of *The Devils of Loudun*, an evocation of Christ's entombment (*Utrejna*), or a choral work (*Cosmogony*) celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the United Nations, each has contained a share of the vision, the power, the committed use of musical means that characterized the *Passion*.

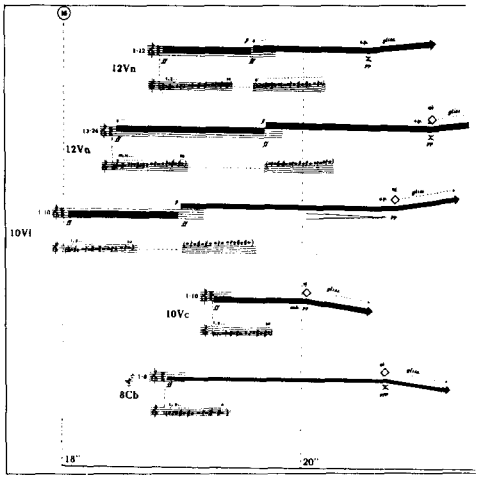
That each has also contained a use of sonorities for sonority's sake, a dilution of emotional urgency by what strikes some as a striving for effect, has caused me to take a retrospective look at the *Passion*. I find that what made it memorable is still there. But what has happened to the feeling for line, the soaring sense of musical purpose that magnetized the ear and earned Penderecki the rank of poet-evangelist amid a generation of musical noisemakers?

At an earlier time in musical history, such questions might have been resolved by recourse to the composer's scores and a learned analysis of how one differs from another. The texts of Penderecki's works are available, but they offer little to the eye that is helpful to the ear. Like many of his contemporaries, he has abandoned customary notational devices or amended them with lines, curves, and other symbols suitable to the unpitched sonorities and indefinite time values of his purpose. The indoctrinated can ferret out their meaning. Others are barely better off than a layman who cannot read conventional notation. Indeed, one internationally known conductor "resigned" the privilege of a Penderecki premiere in New York a year or so ago because he couldn't invest the time required to master the composer's graphics.

Fortunately, it is one of the by-products of Penderecki's prominence that almost all his large-scale works—especially the vocal ones—have been recorded and can be auditioned at will. Even more fortunately, a vital category of instrumental works has just been added under Penderecki's own direction (Angel S 36949 and S 36950). The earliest is the *Emenationen* for strings (1959); the most recent, the *Partita* for harpsichord and orchestra (1972). According to customary phonographic practice, the order of presentation is not chronological. But the diligent listener can arrange the half-dozen pieces to his purpose and relate them to the larger whole.

By choosing to begin at an inner band of side one rather than at its outer edge, one can recapture the mental viewpoint of the unknown Penderecki when he included *Emenationen* with two other entries in a Warsaw competition of 1959. As the rules required, they were submitted anonymously. Imagine the delight of the composer—if not of the jury—when the winner of win, place, and show money was announced, monotonously, as Penderecki, Penderecki, *and* Penderecki. *Emenationen* is a Webernish exercise for a two-string orchestra that has imagery as well as excitement, even a moderate amount of individuality. Its chronological successor in the new pair of disks is *Fonogrammi*, for three flutes, strings, and percussion, dated 1961.

Unconventional Penderecki Score.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adding the extended frequency range of *Fonogrammi* to the imagery of *Emenationen* brings one very close to the extraordinary tonal values Penderecki invoked (also in 1961) for the now well-known *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima*. By its standards, the next work in the collection (*Kanon*, 1962) is merely a collection of bruising sonorities. It lacks the imaginative impulse and the mental turmoil that in *Threnody* put us at ground zero for the esthetic equivalent of the screaming air-raid sirens and human outcries that might have resounded in Hiroshima on August 6, 1945.

On the other hand, *Threnody* appears to have a second element of what might be called a "Nuclear Suite" in *De natura Sonoris No. 2*, which had its premiere at a New York performance in December 1971. If this grotesque commingling of highs and lows, louds and softs, from strings, chimes, *flauto a culisse* (bird whistle), and musical saw is the Nagasaki segment of a "Nuclear Suite," movement three could be a "Requiem in the Manner of John Cage"—three minutes of silence.

THE OTHER THREE works are a Penderecki view of the possibilities in the combination of solo instrument and orchestra. *Capriccio No. 2* (1967) is expressive of his own early studies of the violin. The *Cello Concerto* (1972) is a reworking of an earlier score utilizing the *violino grande*. This is a seldom-heard instrument combining the low range of the viola and the upper compass of the traditional Strad or Guarnerius. Doubtless it will be heard more often in its rescored version, though what one will be hearing mostly is the orchestra rather than the cello. With the *Partita*, first performed in 1972, the designation of the harpsichord as a "solo instrument" is more a figure of speech than a statement of fact. It is there someplace, but hardly in a salient place.

Despite the fluctuations of quality in these works, each adds a detail, etches in a feature, contributes an accent to the emerging profile of Penderecki as a composer. The question is, of course, Which side of the two is being turned to us? Is it the "good" profile by which he would like to be known and remembered or the one that, like most humans, he considers less characteristic?

It is at this juncture that a little retrospect may be indulged. It has been mentioned that *Emenationen*, with its foreshadowing of the *Threnody* to come, was one of three prize-winning works Penderecki entered in the Warsaw competition of 1959. *Strophe*, which won first prize, contains texts derived from such varied sources as Sophocles, Jeremiah, and Omar Khayyám. It is thus the legitimate antecedent of *Cosmogony*, whose words—in a similar verbal collage—were taken from Copernicus, Leonardo da Vinci, Yuri Gagarin, and John Glenn. The second prize was awarded to a setting of the Psalms of David, thus proclaiming the Biblical bent Penderecki has fostered in the *Passion*, the *Dies Irae*, *Utrania*, and the most recent of his large scale works, *A Song of Songs*, not yet heard in this country (or recorded).

What may thus be discerned in Penderecki's progress over nearly a decade and a half is a steady attachment to several kinds of subject matter, in which the mode of treatment has undergone change. One might recognize, in this context, that the *Passion*, and its manner of expression, represented the end of a phase for the composer, not the beginning it might have seemed to us. Clearly he has not been content to rest on the tonal vocabulary he evolved for it, satisfactory though it may sound to the listener. He was a searcher before he was a finder, and his creative nature requires that he go on to a new tonal identity, leaving behind the old—in an expressive phrase of Mahler's—as "a skin cast off on the way, like a snake's." If Penderecki's two impulses—the exploratory and the expressive—are "out of phase" from time to time, it should not be altogether surprising, much less contradictory or confounding. The perfectly symmetrical match of the two profiles of any face is perhaps the rarest of nature's phenomena.

With the truly creative, such conformity is almost categorically excluded. Mention a composer worthy of the name, and you have mentioned an individual who had his divergent impulses, his inner conflicts to reckon with and, if possible, to reconcile. Schumann subdivided those at war in himself into the impulsive *Florestan* and the introspective *Eusebius*; Tchaikovsky could give no better name than "sensation Z" to the homosexual urge that drove him, creatively, to the polar extremes to be heard in the liveliest of ballet music (in *The Sleeping Beauty*) and the grimmest of symphonies (in the *Symphonie Pathétique*). For Wagner, the world of eroticism was large enough to encompass its affirmation in *Tristan* and its denial in *Parsifal*.

IT IS REASONABLE to say that the true character of a creator emerges when he can chart an esthetic vector between conflicting impulses, joining the best of both. Penderecki's possibilities permit us to reaffirm the magnitude of his endowment and to challenge him to find such a course. That would bring the most of which he is capable to a musical public desperately in need of it. □

FREE TIPS TO CLIP

ARE YOU A GOOD DRIVER? . . .
Even if you can answer yes to the question, you can still become a better day-to-day driver with this helpful brochure. It's titled "STRAIGHT TALK FOR THE WOMAN DRIVER". (Men can write for this handy booklet too), from Gulf Oil Company.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH . . .
And to help you do it you can get a 95-page booklet packed with helpful ideas. Tips range from warnings on mortgages and house repairs to everyday occurrences such as buying a magazine subscription or purchasing aspirin. "YOUR MONEY'S WORTH", from International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

A CITY INDOORS? . . .
That's Chicago. And to prove it, get a complete kit ranging from events taking place and restaurants to just interesting sites. "CHICAGO—DISCOVER THE GREAT INDOORS", from Chicago Convention and Tourism Bureau.

COOKING THE NEW WAY . . .
Keep your kitchen cool all year round and still cook up a banquet. The how of it and many more questions are answered in this brochure "MICROWAVE COOKING", from General Electric.

PHOTOGRAPHY IS FUN . . .
And exciting, with the new single lens reflex cameras. Konica offers an interesting "how to" booklet on shooting closeups, micro and macro photos. Ask for Konica's "CLOSE-UP WITH AUTOREFLEX" booklet.

PROTECT YOUR EYES . . .
With the right kind of sunglasses. Here's a timely booklet with up to date information on recent developments in the sunglass industry as well as general tips on eye care. "SUNGLASSES AND YOUR EYES", from Bausch & Lomb.

VISIT MT. SINAI . . .
See the Dead Sea and the place where Lot's wife turned to stone. This and many more ideas for travel in Israel are available in the brochure. "ARKIA TOURS," from Israel Communications, Inc.

KEEP COOL DURING THE SUMMER . . .
This 16-page booklet is filled with helpful hints on purchasing, installation, and servicing your central air conditioner. "CENTRAL AIR CONDITIONING", from the Air-Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute.

ALL FREE, MAIL COUPON.

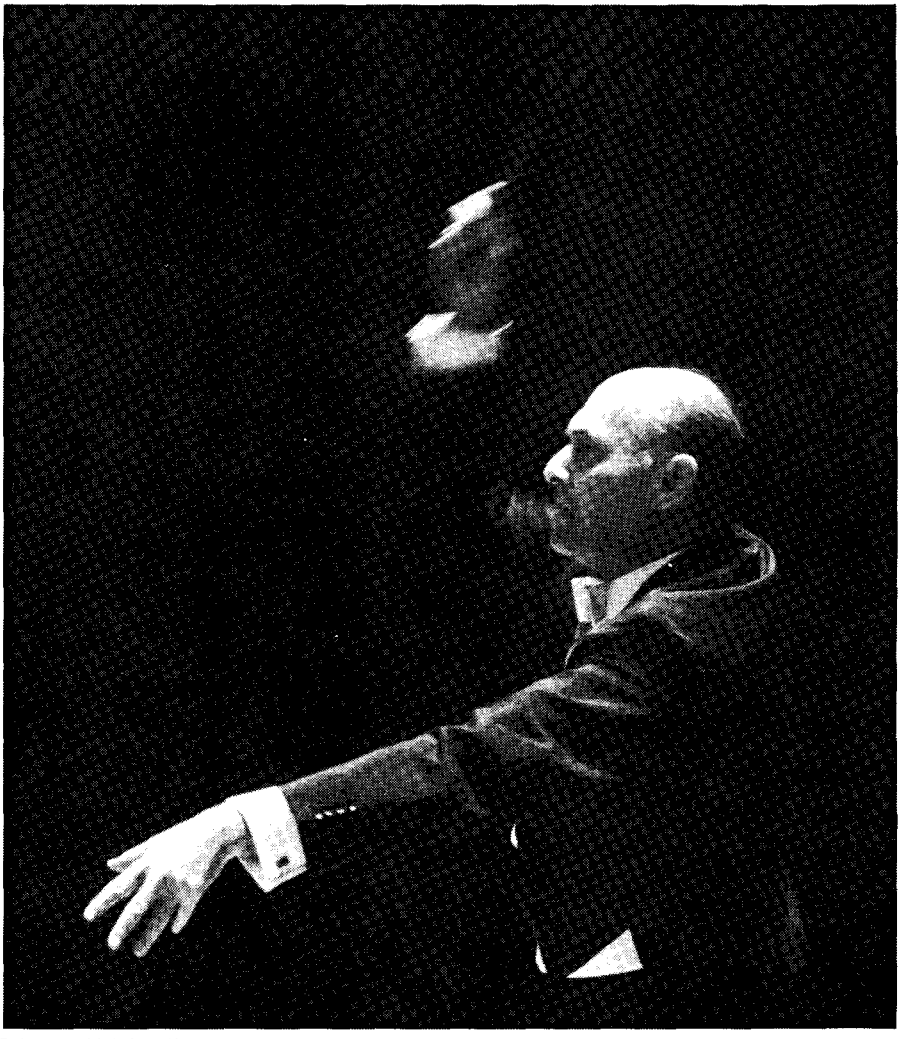
WORLD MAGAZINE, Dept. JL
488 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022
Please send me the following:
CHECK
☐ STRAIGHT TALK FOR THE WOMAN DRIVER
☐ YOUR MONEY'S WORTH
☐ CHICAGO—DISCOVER THE GREAT INDOORS
☐ MICROWAVE COOKING
☐ CLOSE-UP WITH AUTOREFLEX
☐ SUNGLASSES AND YOUR EYES
☐ ARKIA TOURS
☐ CENTRAL AIR CONDITIONING

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____ZIP____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOLTI, CHICAGO, SCHOENBERG

by Robert Craft



Robert M. Lightfoot III

Georg Solti—*"Remarkably attentive to articulation, balance, and intonation."*

It is not unusual in America to hear great music played by good orchestras led by more or less competent conductors. But to hear a masterpiece performed by a great orchestra under the guidance of a superb musician *and* in a perfect hall is rare indeed. One is especially appreciative of the last of these conditions after a season in New York's Philharmonic Hall, where at least some of the problems of the resident orchestra can be blamed on the uncongenial "house" it is obliged to call "home" and where the perennial acoustical "improvements" seem to do little more than change the distortions and increase the impression of amplification. Entering Chicago's agreeably old-fashioned and unimproved Orchestra Hall recently, before a rehearsal of *Erwartung*, I heard some of the Chicago Symphony's string bass players practicing one of that work's most difficult passages. Astonished by the true timbre, full tone, and clear pitch of the instruments, I could only deplore the contrast with the hormone-injected sound of the basses—and other instruments—in New York's cultural amusement park.

Erwartung, as rehearsed in Chicago, may be approaching realization of Schoenberg's vision of the work for the first time since it was composed (1909). Technically the music is already well within the grasp of the players, who, of course, could have mastered it long ago. What the orchestra needed was Georg Solti, who has inspired it with a new keenness of ensemble as well as with a new dedication to the music—that of Arnold Schoenberg being not merely tolerated but obviously enjoyed.

The conductor himself, whom I consider to be without peer, has not yet assimilated every detail in Schoenberg's great monodrama, nor even all of the larger features. He strode over the huge climax at measure 329, for instance, without the slightest reining in for the *molto ritenuto*. (Oddly, though, while overlooking some of the *written* tempo controls, Solti added a few of his own, including a *ritenuto* in measure 317 that destroyed the idea of the continuing triplets.) Clearly he was learning the music as he rehearsed it, in both the sense of what should be done with it and of the way to do it; this, however, is not to label his performance a failure, perfection in this music being unattainable, success relative. The principal weakness was that the rates of speed and the time values in *Erwartung* change more quickly and frequently than Solti allowed. But he is our greatest Wagnerian, and Schoenberg's super-Wagnerian masterpiece lies very close to the conductor's temperament, which, if not exactly the same as Schoenberg's, is nevertheless in the same magnetic field. At long last that almost unbearable nervous intensity of Schoenberg's music may have found an emotionally consanguineous interpreter.

"Richard Wagner wanted a different kind of movement. He overthrew the physiological presupposition of previous music. Swimming, floating—no longer walking and dancing. Wagner seeks deliberately to break all evenness of time . . ." *Also sprach* Nietzsche, who went on to predict that the Wagnerian tendency would lead to a "complete degeneration of rhythmic feeling." This accurately describes the mayhem of *Erwartung*, as Nietzsche would have heard it at any rate, for Schoenberg extends the Wagnerian conception in this, but not only this, regard and as far as it can be made to go, one feels.

Solti inevitably revealed himself as well as the music he rehearsed. Let me say at once that the orchestra worked "for" and not "under" him—"under," to me, suggesting an army of players beneath a field marshal's baton! They freely asked his help, even to the extent of requesting a change of beat pattern when he conducted a complex succession of six-four measures in a large two. No doubt the two was correct, but, without subdivision, music so profusely detailed can be cumbersome. Solti acknowledged the difficulty, and graciously complied, switching to a full six-beat, though sacrificing his tempo, line, and phrasing to do so. The new pattern clarified the rhythmic design, however, and enabled each section of the orchestra to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ear the others. (I cannot understand why he *did* subdivide, unasked, the horn solo at measures 169–70, which does not need subdivision.)

Solti was as efficient and effective in rehearsal as any conductor I have ever watched. Going directly to the essential, he knew what must be explained as opposed to what the players would correct by themselves on a second or third reading. His elucidations involved an amount of singing—if that is the word for the eerie falsetto with which, whenever possible, he gave the actual pitch rather than the note at the octave or double octave below. Above all, he never rehearsed out of context and was careful to reassemble any troublesome measure that he took apart. After laboring for five minutes to obtain the exact degree of *pianissimo* in measure 153, and another three minutes to shape the *pontecello* arpeggios in measure 274, he played through, not once but four or five times, the passages in which these effects occur, then placed them in still broader contexts of forty or fifty measures. It seemed to me that at the end of the rehearsal everyone in the orchestra had a sense of the piece as a whole.

Special mention should be made of Solti's sensitivity to Schoenberg's colors, those sudden, jagged brass chords, twirling woodwind figures, scarcely audible flurries of string notes. But the conductor was also remarkably attentive to articulation—although the trombones should slur, not tongue, in measure 344. And to balance—although the leitmotiv in the strings, three measures from the end, was obliterated by the trumpets and upper woodwinds. And to intonation—although he failed to correct some inaccurate pitches by the soprano soloist, Anja Silja.

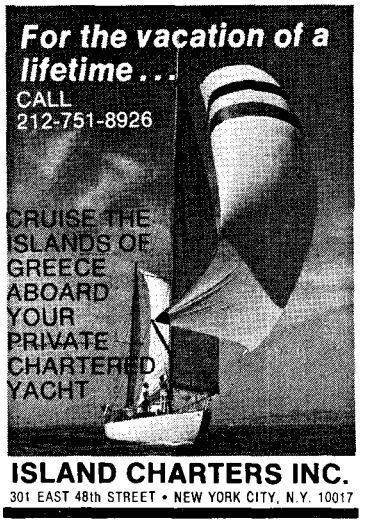
But perhaps I should have begun with Miss Silja, for the orchestra merely sets the stage, the center of which, both literally—in the opera house, where *Erwartung* belongs—and musically is dominated by the singer. *Erwartung's* protagonist must be an artist of uncommon talents, both musical and thespian; it is a tour de force to perform the part at all. Miss Silja seems to possess all of the qualifications—which I say only on the strength of her reputation as Berg's Lulu, for I have never seen her as an actress. I suspect, nevertheless, that she would play the part of Schoenberg's heroine, which demands bodily movement, more compellingly than she sings it. Her voice is ideally suited to the role, in quality and color as well as in range and power, and she has mastered the music's highly inflected style. She employed none of these resources to anything like full capacity in the run-through that I heard, but that counts for little, an orchestral rehearsal never being a test of a singer.

What a pity that the Metropolitan Opera does not offer us this *Erwartung*, with Silja on the stage and Solti, the pendulum, in the pit! A work for the theater, and one of the greatest in our century, it loses a great deal in concert performance. (For one thing, the dramatic timing depends on the division into scenes, and these are imperceptible in concert performances.) What an opportunity, too, for our leading opera company actually to lead. Even better, 1974 is Schoenberg's centenary. How fitting in every sense for New York to celebrate the event with what would be, in effect, his local operatic debut!

Schoenberg does not lack interpreters, at the moment, and he may be even better off in this regard than Mozart—who is the more difficult composer in that his music requires historical, stylistic interpretation. Turning from *Erwartung* to the *Jupiter* Symphony, Solti reduced the strings to about half strength, but he remained particularly alert to disequilibriums between wind and string volumes. Most of his rehearsal time was devoted to articulation. Let me try to illustrate the importance of this with a single example. The second movement begins with a melody in the violins that can be made to sound very different, in stress and accentuation, according to the bowing. The music starts on the first beat of the measure, with a dotted two-note figure. This leads to a third note, longer and stronger, on the second beat, which in turn leads through two rapid passing notes to the first beat of the next measure and the end of the phrase. If played on a single up-bow, those first two notes of the first measure will give the feeling of an upbeat. The third note can then be played by a down-bow, giving it natural emphasis and a downbeat feeling. Pedantry? Perhaps, but this art of bowing determines not only the scansion and respiration of the music but also its texture—as the texture of an ancient Chinese rug is composed of warp and weft threads.

Solti shaped every phrase of the movement in this manner, then addressed himself to questions of note lengths, for these can be neither precisely indicated by notation nor automatically felt. Finally, he adjusted the vibrato—from none to too much to just right—and played the movement through. Afterward, searching for reasons why this performance was the most satisfying I had ever heard, I attributed some of the credit to the perfect tempo (to my senses), and some to the transformation of every note of rhythmic figuration and accompaniment into melody. That the structure was clear, the rhythmic movement never mechanical, and the sentiment free of exaggeration—goes without saying. Solti's secret was in that melodic pervasiveness. I have since learned that the performance was recorded, and if the results can compare with those that I heard in Orchestra Hall, this should be the finest *Jupiter* in package form.

Congratulations to Chicago, by no means the Second City, philharmonically speaking. □



ISLAND CHARTERS INC.
301 EAST 48th STREET • NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017

THE U.N. & THE OCEANS

What should be the division of jurisdiction between States and the international community with respect to the resources of the sea-bed, the living resources of the sea, and various uses of the sea?

What arrangements should be made to preserve the marine environment and to protect it against pollution and other hazards?

What international institutions should be established by the U.N. to ensure an equitable sharing by all States in the benefits from the resources of the sea as the common heritage of mankind?

THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE OCEANS, just published by the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, analyzes these and other questions which will be before the UN Seabed Committee at its summer session and the forthcoming UN Conference on the Law of the Sea.

For a copy, please use the coupon below.

Commission to Study the
Organization of Peace
866 United Nations Plaza
New York, NY 10017

Please send me_____copy(ies) of THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE OCEANS at $1.50 per copy.

I enclose_____

Name_____

Address_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HAPPY JOURNEY TO MOSCOW AND LENINGRAD

Inge Morath: Magnum

Theater in the Soviet Union—*"It is not an expendable trinket or emotional costume jewelry. It is a crown jewel."*

Somewhere Near Red Square

Whatever our annual Broadway blues, the theater on and off Gorki Street and the Nyevsky Prospect is not only alive and well but radiantly healthy. If the Soviet theater is not yet back to its unchallenged heights of the mid-Thirties, it is certainly on its way.

In twenty-two days of furious theatergoing, I managed to see all, or sizable portions of, thirty-four productions played by seventeen different theater companies, including a half-dozen interesting new plays; attend a variety of rehearsals and classes, as well as a midnight audition by this year's crop of drama-school graduates (there are no unemployed actors, but not everyone works in Moscow); meet and talk with hundreds of theater people of varying generations and talents. I was welcomed into their artistic inner sanctums and, often, into their homes. I was wined, dined, interviewed, and even televised (in Russian yet!) on Moscow's favorite nine o'clock news program. In Leningrad one rainy evening, the driver of an empty tour bus got me to the theater on time when I couldn't get a taxi. And in Moscow, when I arrived late at the Mossoviet (the Municipal Theater) and there was no other passage to my seat, I was led directly across the stage in the middle of the performance.

My mission to Moscow (plus a week in Leningrad) was divided into three parts, a gall that caused no end of bureaucratic consternation in a society that rejects classes but worships classification. I was there under the Cultural Exchange Program between the United States and the USSR, the guest of the Soviet Ministry of Culture—in State Department language, a "short-term grantee." Unofficially, I was also scouting theater buildings and technical problems for the second October revolution, which would bring an American theater company, Washington's Arena Stage, to the Soviet Union for the first time. (Before anyone starts writing letters to the editor, *Porgy and Bess* did play here in 1955, but that was a pickup deal, as well as a musical—considered a lower form of theater no matter how well performed.) Then, during the last days of my visit, I became an American delegate to the Fifteenth Congress of the International Theater Institute, which was being held in Moscow for the first time.

Under the watchful eyes and ears of Gosskontsert, an organization that is the ministry's official answer to Sol Hurok, I not only had everything prearranged, arranged, and rearranged daily and nightly but a car complete with driver at my disposal at all hours and an attractive female interpreter-companion-troubleshooter-flying-wedge named Olga. She coped with my foibles, answered most of my questions (and asked a few herself, mostly about post-Marxian economic matters), endured my small talk, and never questioned my tastes.

Alan Schneider is associate director of the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C. In October his production of Thornton Wilder's Our Town *will begin touring Moscow and Leningrad as part of the U.S.-USSR cultural-exchange program.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he would have carried my bags if I ad asked her. And once she discovered iat my childhood Russian was good nough for me to understand most of the ialogue, she sometimes paid me the olossal compliment of letting me go to ie theater without her.

And it was Olga, in daily or even ourly consultations with some invisble fellow at Gosskontsert, who saw to that I got tickets to everything I anted to see—that is, once I managed find out what was playing where and hich evening (or afternoon), and ade the difficult daily decision of hich shows to miss.

The Soviet Union has somewhere beween 500 and 600 permanent professional theaters, with acting companies nd staffs ranging up to the hundreds. ach theater performs anywhere from en to twenty different plays each tenonth season (July is for touring and ugust for holidays). Leningrad has fifeen theaters playing some eighty proluctions each week, including dramatic hows, musicals, ballets, operas, and the ircus. There are no dark nights; schedules are staggered so no one will have o stay home to watch Soviet TV, which, except for its sports programs, leaves a ot to be desired. There are two (sometimes three) shows every Saturday and unday.

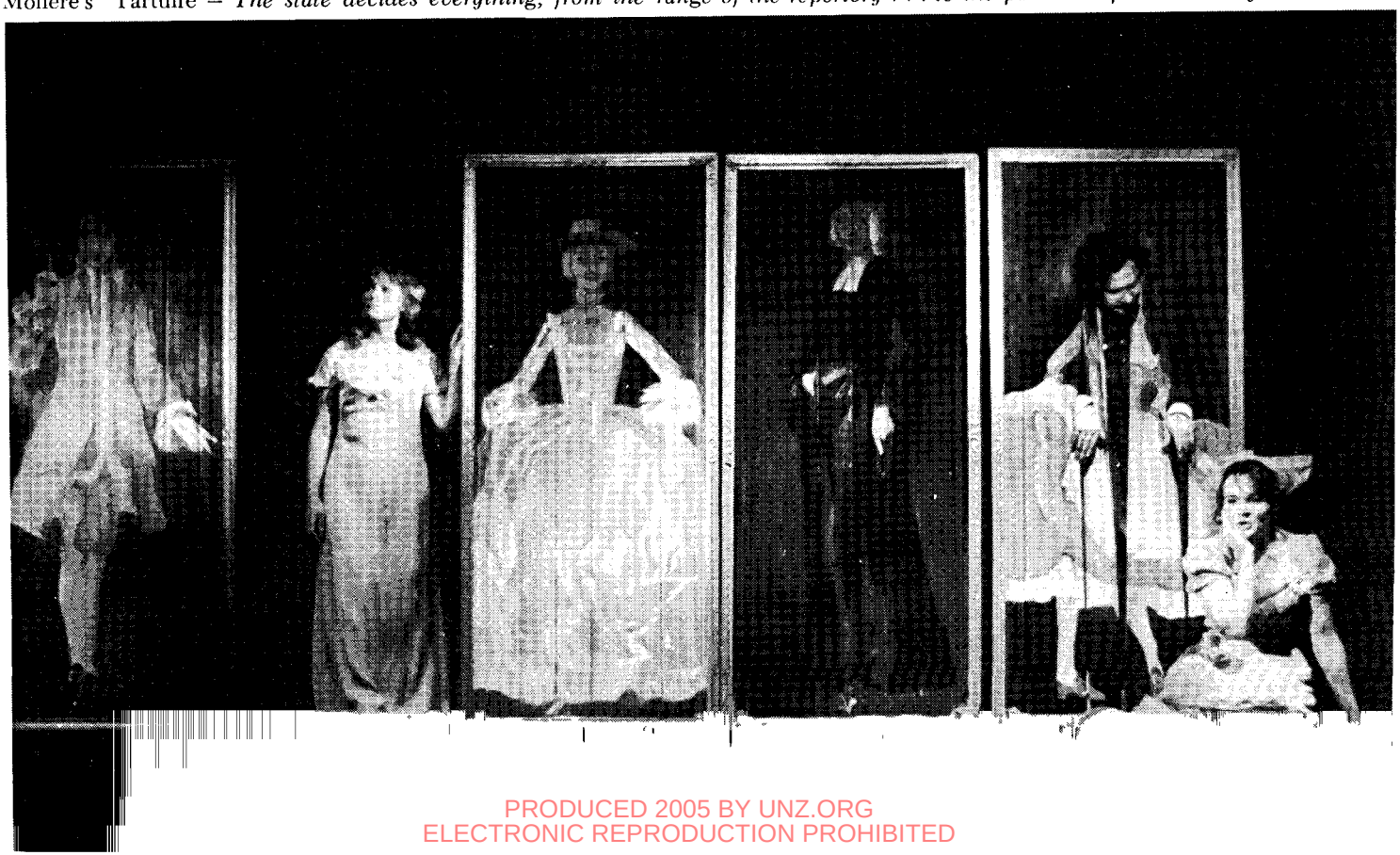
Out of Leningrad's eighty productions, managed to catch only nine of a spectrum that included such stalwarts as Shakespeare, Giraudoux, Shaw, Rostand, Chekhov; such American stand-bys as Tennessee Williams's *Streetcar*, O'Neill's *Moon for the Misbegotten*, Arthur Miller's *The Price*, Richard Nash's *The Rainmaker*, John Patrick's *The Curious Savage* (translated as *The Strange Mrs. Savage);* as well as *My Fair Lady, West Side Story, Porgy and Bess, How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying;* and a plentiful roster of plays by living Soviet dramatists, known and unknown in the West.

Moscow's THEATRICAL array was even more staggering. With about thirty theaters, some dating from the eighteenth century, others only ten or twenty years old, the Soviet Union had almost 200 plays available for viewing—everything from Lope de Vega, Goldoni, Molière, Schiller, Thackeray, Scribe, Hauptmann, Wilde, and, of course, Shakespeare to Romain Rolland, de Filippo, and Brecht. American works, in addition to that same *Streetcar* and *Rainmaker* (it's quite normal to have several productions of the same play at the same time), included the David Rabe controversial *Sticks and Bones;* the Albee-McCullers *Ballad of the Sad Cafe; Dear Liar; Man of La Mancha;* and dramatizations of Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms,* Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men,* and John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World.* Also represented were native writers of every period, style, and degree of talent, from the dramas of the early nineteenth century's Pushkin and Sukhovo-Kobylin to *The Ascent of Fujiyama,* a new play about the Stalinist period by two Kirghiz poets named Aitmatov and Mukhamedzhonov. They're not all great productions, I've been told, and they're not all great plays (and many Americans are not getting all their royalties), but at least there's no shortage of material.

Each production, whatever its ultimate quality, rehearses anywhere from several months to more than a year. When the director and cast feel it's about ready, each production plays ten or twelve "premieres," which are actually previews, before it is considered officially open. Those premieres are considered the best productions to see: Premiere audiences usually have a special opportunity to applaud not only the cast but the director, throw more flowers than usual at their favorites, and sometimes participate in after-performance discussions. I was lucky enough to be present at two premieres while I was here—the Moscow Art's *New Year's Eve* and the Taganka's evening of Pushkin excerpts—both tumultuously exciting occasions.

Each year every theater manages three (or at most four) new productions, hopefully finding something to drop so as not to overextend its supply or its problems with storage space. The Moscow Theater of Drama and Comedy on the Taganka, known familiarly to every waitress and cab driver as "the Taganka," manages only two. Its director,

Molière's "Tartuffe"—*"The state decides everything, from the range of the repertory . . . to the particular production style."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yuri Lyubimov, has created one of the most imaginative, enterprising, and innovative theaters in the world.

Every night, regardless of what's playing or whether the critics like it, some 30,000 Muscovites and a proportionate number of Leningraders head unerringly for their favorite neighborhood legitimate theater; so a theater ticket is the most difficult consumer item to pick up in the USSR—and that's no mean distinction in a society where people line up for hours to buy an orange or a head of lettuce. Tickets average one ruble fifty kopecks (about two dollars) but may go as low as thirty kopecks (forty cents) for seats at the back or sides, which are sometimes as good as those in the middle. Theaters tend to be small, or, because of their horseshoe seating arrangement, to apear small even when they seat more than a thousand (as does the Moscow Art's Filial, where Arena will be playing). The problem, at any price, is getting in. It is nearly impossible to get tickets to any theater, and some—the Taganka, for example—are more difficult than others. Because of Gosskontsert and because I know the director personally, I was fortunate enough to get tickets every night, usually at the last minute and sometimes—as in the case of his celebrated mod *Hamlet*—at the last second. The entire process was a form of Russian roulette to which I became accustomed but never inured.

In the ten years of its history, the Taganka hasn't had an empty seat. The administrative director told me he was sure that were they to put seats on sale for the next five years—without adding a single new production—they would still sell out. But, naturally, they have had to do new works each year and take out a couple—even if they haven't come near to exhausting their audience.

Theaters (even the Taganka) do have box offices, but they seem to be open at mysterious hours. By curtain time they are inevitably besieged by hordes of hopefuls, though they rarely have any tickets left to sell. Newsstand kiosks abound in every downtown neighborhood, their window space jammed with copies of *Pravda* and some forlorn tickets. And since those tickets become available only a few weeks in advance, after each theater's repertoire is decided, lines tend to be more durable than tickets. It helps to know the girl at the kiosk. And I had a few hints that it doesn't hurt to slip her a little something above the ticket price. As someone once said, even a socialist motor needs gas.

The universal practice is to mill around outside the theater doors just before performance time and pray that some kind soul will sell you a spare ticket. The most touching sight in the theater world is that lonely nightly crowd of romantic idealists, pleasantly polite but with wills of steel, waiting for a Godot of a ticket to show up.

Once I did happen to have an extra ticket (Olga was home washing her hair) and was wondering to which one of those milling hundreds I would give it. As I was ascending the subway escalator across the street from the Taganka, I noticed a youthful, earnest blonde standing at the top, questioning each new arrival. Before I had time to consider her intentions, she was asking me: "Have you an extra ticket for tonight?" How many times had she asked that, I thought in that split second, and against what odds? Was no one just going home from work at seven? Is there only one performance in the world this evening? Do all subway roadbeds lead not to Rome but to the Taganka?

I was so moved by the young lady's translucent optimism and relieved by her private enterprise that I practically shoved my ticket at her. She insisted on paying me for it even though I didn't want her to. Subsequently, since we wound up sitting next to each other, I discovered she was a factory engineer, had already seen the show (a theatri collage of Voznesensky's poetry tit *Anti-Worlds*) three times in two ye and expected to see it again. She h vague ambitions of someday leaving l factory and joining a theater compa In the meantime she was doing pre well at getting theater tickets.

On another occasion, I was drivi around sight-seeing with several me bers of a theater company when made a turn from the wrong lane. S denly, a car of *militsia*, the Soviet versi of non-secret police, was flagging down. The *militsia* men were as imp sonal in their questioning as capitalis cops tend to be—until they saw "theat director" on the driver's identificati papers. Their attitude changed co pletely as they asked if it might be p sible to get a couple of seats for n week. It seemed that their wives h been trying unsuccessfully for a lo time. It's the only time I ever saw traffic ticket taken care of by a theat one.

The usual way for less imaginati theatergoers to get tickets is throu their local factory, office, or youth grou many of which receive regular alloc tions of seats—especially, I suppose, the assembly line is flowing extra w that month. A sizable portion of t audience is made up of theater partie though these are a long haul from t Westchester or Long Island variet Soviet theater audiences—and theat attendants—are as dedicated and we mannered as any I've ever seen. A Stanislavski once said, "The theater b gins with the cloak room"—meaning th the general level of the theater exper ence can be felt in the way the attenda takes your hat and coat (and you a simply not allowed to take them into th auditorium with you).

The aggressive types who, rushin through the unavoidable, jammed unde passes that span the broad avenues o jostling for position at GUM departmen store or the local "gastronome" (gro cery), makes you hark back nostalgicall to the politeness of the rush-hour crow on the Seventh Avenue IRT, turn int the tamest of tigers once they've passe the ticket taker. They spend hours comb ing their hair in front of the full-lengt mirrors that grace every theater lobby They buy lemonade at about a dollar bottle without complaint; they si slightly less expensive tea; they strol silently, like Parisian lovers, back and forth in the foyers, their hundreds o pairs of Eastern European shoes orches-trated in the most exquisite of tiny squeaking sounds. Eventually they sit down silently to explore their little two-fold program, replete with penciled check marks telling them which of the

CHRISTMAS CARDS

☆ The new catalogue of the famous Museum Christmas cards – an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, sculpture, textiles, and graphics. ☆ The more than one hundred unusual Museum Christmas presents include exact copies of ancient jewelry in gold and silver, sculpture, rare early American glass, pewter, porcelain, needlework, small medieval bells in silver and pure gold, an Egyptian Magic wall calendar, and the new engagement calendar, *Gardens: East & West.* The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents; the Christmas presents start at $2.95. Made especially for the Museum, they can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Reserve your copy now of the 88-page color catalogue to be mailed September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed R 2

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

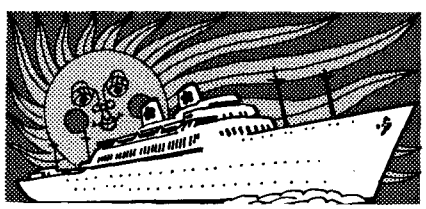
_____ ZIP_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look at all the other cruise ads, then compare them with our

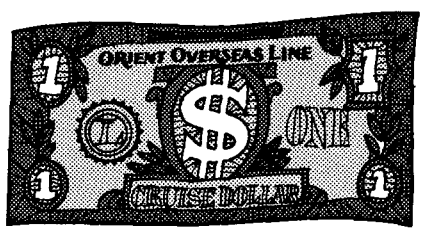
Empress Cruise

Our Cruise.



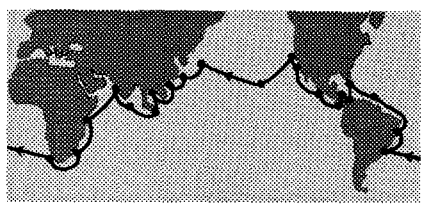
A fabulous 100-day round-the-world cruise that sails every 100 days ...all first-class air-conditioned cabins. Embark at the port of your choice.

Our Price.

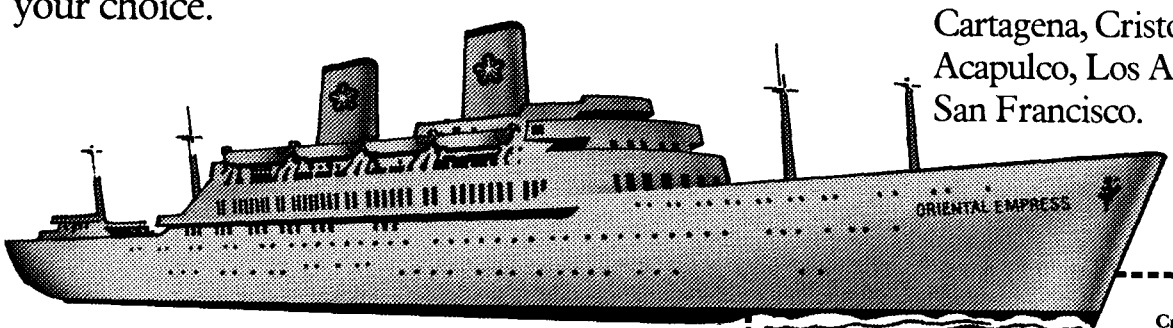


Rates one-third less than on other comparable cruises. Average fare only $48 per day with full facilities. Lower rates available, too.

Our Itinerary.



San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Keelung, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Mombasa, Durban, Capetown, Rio, Salvador, Barbados, Port Everglades, Cartagena, Cristobal, Balboa, Acapulco, Los Angeles, San Francisco.



Our Ship.

S.S. Oriental Empress

(formerly the S.S. President Wilson)
Panamanian Registry

Our Coupon.

Yes, your Empress Cruise sounds interesting. Please send me details on: ☐ One-way fares ☐ Round-the-world cruises ☐ Fly n' cruise air/sea tours

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My travel agent is_____

ORIENT OVERSEAS LINE

General Passenger Agent: Orient Overseas Services, Inc.
311 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94104
(415) 981-7340

WM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Ascent of Fujiyama"—"*A new play about the Stalinist period.*"

two or three Honored Artists of the Republic are honoring them this evening. (The ushers put in those little check marks, by the way, and also help the stagehands and brew the tea.)

Nor do these theatergoers respond lightly or superficially to the performance, whatever their private responses. They don't applaud the scenery when it is first revealed—whether it is old-fashioned and rickety, or vividly and boldly imaginative—or the entrance of the star. (There are no "stars," or rather, everyone is a star, though actors range in talent from the brilliantly modern—as they happen to be in the Sovremennik [Contemporary] Theater Company—to old-time "ham," as they tend to be in some of the older troupes.) They don't gossip about the leading lady's outfit or hairdo. They listen to each word and savor each moment.

One night, at a not particularly impressive performance of *The Debacle*, a play about an incident during the Russian civil war, someone who might have been drunk started to make loud comments. I thought the rest of the audience was going to kill him, so graphic was their response; obviously, he did, too, because he shut up immediately.

And when, regretfully, a performance is over (most of them last at least three hours, and the subway runs till long after midnight), thunder has no clap like those collective hands—especially if the audience is enthusiastic and swept away, and their clapping develops into a rhythm that beats as regularly as a heartbeat. They don't shout Bravo! much, because it's not a comfortably proletarian word. But they stand and clap—and stay there—through those last straggling curtain calls.

The Soviet theater is not always top level or magnificent; its productions can be as sloppy or simplistic as ours. But what strikes a professional visitor most forcefully is that the Soviet theater is not a business enterprise but a cultural necessity, the social conscience of the society. All theaters are, of course, subsidized (and controlled) by the Ministry of Culture; yet some are more fully subsidized than others. There are no hits or flops, but certain productions and theaters are inevitably more popular than others. The general word is that there are no empty seats. In actual fact, I did see one or two go begging—once. Not so long ago, someone told me, the Moscow Art was playing to half-empty houses, although with the advent of its new artistic director, Oleg Yefremov, that condition has changed for the better.

And no one gets richer or poorer because the seats are empty or filled, or because one show doesn't play as many times as another. Actors receive monthly salaries based on their experience—even if they play only ten to fifteen times a month—as do all other theater workers. Salaries may not be astronomical, but they don't go up and down depending on the notices. They also tend to be supplemented by other tangibles (low-cost apartments, household help, free transportation) and intangibles (the accola of Honored Artist or People's Artist, tl Lenin Prize). In effect, everyone is civil service and has tenure, which lea to its own supply of problems and fru trations—though I'm not sure they a not preferable to our own.

What is far from preferable is that tl state decides everything from the ran of the repertory and wage scales to tl advisability of a particular productic style—even for a "non-controversial" ne play or what might be considered "safe" classic. The state may choose t be lenient or understanding, as it is whe it allows *Tartuffe*, in which Molière a ditions his entire play before a sleepin cardinal and king. It may wear velve gloves when ideology is ignored or by passed—so long as that theater fulfills it quota of orthodoxy elsewhere. I ofte had the impression that the most inter esting new plays in Moscow and Len ingrad were on bourgeois themes—love sex, the generation gap, the ethics o compromise—while the most interestin new work I had seen back home wa revolutionary in its themes.

It is clear that the theater in the So viet Union is not an expendable trinke of emotional costume jewelry. It is a crown jewel, like those other treasure on display in the Kremlin, to be ad mired and held high. No one engaged me in esoteric conversation about film's being "the dramatic art of the twentieth century" and theater's merely surviving as a kind of stubborn appendix. (In fact, everyone complained about the quality of Soviet film making and the reluctance of American producers to sell their films at prices they could afford.) Seeing a film is still considered "a kiss through glass," while going to the theater is like holding a real girl in your arms. What bothers everybody is that the American theater doesn't stage more Soviet plays, especially now that the new copyright agreement ties both sides down to rubles and cents.

"The situation is always bad for the theater," one of the leading Soviet directors told me one evening. "But things are better now than they have been in a long time." If the International Theater Institute (I.T.I.) was able to hold in one of Moscow's crystal ballrooms a spirited discussion of the humanism or antihumanism of playwright Samuel Beckett, if an American theater company's forthcoming productions of Thornton Wilder and Lawrence-and-Lee are being eagerly awaited by theater people and readers of *Pravda* alike, and if I was left free to roam through so many byways and stage doors, things must indeed be a bit better all around. □

(This is the first part of a two-part series on Soviet theater.)

Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 41. decrees, recedes, seceder.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eye on Chess No. 30

King Canute had more than just a recalcitrant tide to irritate him. Legend has it that he was the first chess player in the British Isles. In 1027, on Saint Michael's Eve, he was playing a game with a Danish earl. He was tired and irritated—perhaps he had spent a frustrating afternoon trying to turn back the incoming tide. Now, nothing puts a king off like defiance; so it's easy to imagine his annoyance when he made a poor move and then got turned down when he asked the earl if he could take it back. Canute couldn't believe his ears, which still had the pounding of disobedient surf in them. "Did you say no?" he asked incredulously. "Yes, I said no," the earl replied evenly, not seeing the warning signals. "You've made your move, and I'm going to sacrifice your Queen!" He gloatingly reached out and seized the hapless king's piece.

Now chess would be almost unplayable without the "Touch Move Rule," and we've all been its victims at one time or another; so it's not hard to understand Canute's irritation. Biting his lip, he appealed to the earl's patriotism: "Let me make this perfectly clear—we have a lot of enemies outside, just waiting for us to show a sign of weakness——"

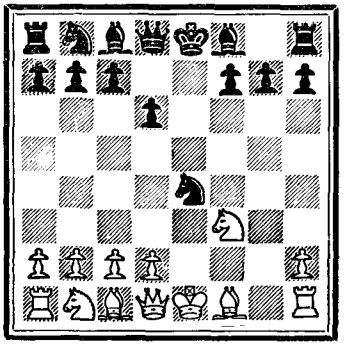
"Your move, sire," said the earl, impatiently.

HISTORY DOESN'T record who won the game, but it does state that the earl was murdered by Canute's men a few days later: In those days royalty wasn't satisfied with merely subjecting its enemies to a tax audit.

In a famous tournament game between Dr. Siegbert Tarrasch and Simon Alapin, played in 1889, White won because of the "Touch Move Rule." It happened this way:

Petroff Defense

White: Dr. S. Tarrasch		Black: S. Alapin	
1. P–K4	P–K4	3. NxP	P–Q3
2. N–KB3	N–KB3	4. N–KB3	NxP



Here the usual move for White was 5. P–Q4, and Black, expecting it, reached out and *touched* his KB to move it to K2. Imagine Alapin's Canute-like reaction when he saw that Tarrasch had played 5. P–Q3, *a most unusual move*! He lost his Knight and promptly resigned.

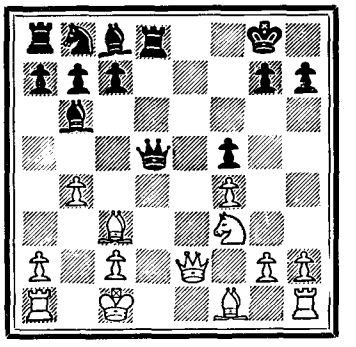
But, in all fairness to Alapin, who could hold his own with any of the top masters of the day, consider the following short gem played in Ostend in 1905:

King's Gambit Declined

White: S. Alapin		Black: F. Marshall	
1. P–K4	P–K4	7. Q–K2	P–B4?
2. P–KB4	P–Q4	8. N–B3	B–B7ch
3. KPxP	P–K5	9. K–Q	O–O
4. P–Q3	N–KB3	10. B–Q2	NxNch
5. PxP	NxKP	11. BxN	QxPch
6. N–KB3	B–QB4	12. K–B	R–Q

Effectively protecting the Bishop, for the moment, with the counterthreat of mate at Q8, but Black's poor development and exposed King are such serious problems that even a player of Marshall's capabilities can't overcome them.

13. P–QN4 B–N3



14. Q–K7! Resigns.

White has a minor threat—15. B–B4, QxB; 16. QxRch, K–B2; 17. N–Q5ch, winning the Queen; and a major threat—15. QxP mate. 14. . . . Q–Q2; 15. B–B4ch, K–R; 16. BxP mate. A nice win for Alapin against a great player almost at his prime.

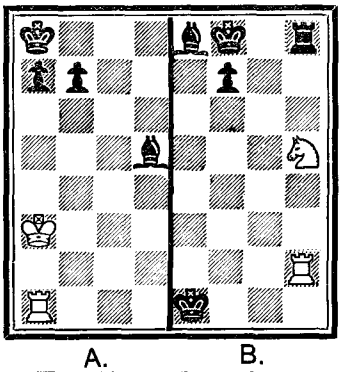
FAIRFIELD W. HOBAN

Primer on Chess No. 19

Sometimes a piece can be effectively pinned because it stands in the way of a mating threat. In Diagram A below, R–Q pins the Bishop. If the Bishop moves, R–Q8, mate. If the White King is on R4 instead of R3, Black can make a tempo-saving move with . . . B–B3ch, King moves, and Black can either play . . . P–R3 or . . . K–N, ending the mate threat. Notice also that (again with the White King on R4) . . . P–N4ch is not a save for Black because of KxP, P–R3ch (. . . B–N2?, R–Q8ch); KxP, B–N2ch; K–N6, K–N; R–Q8ch, B–B; K–B6, etc. If the White King is on N4, then Black has a saving move with . . . P–R4ch, because after the White King moves, the Bishop can retreat now that the mating threat has been spiked.

However, one should recognize how this kind of a pin differs from those we've already discussed. If Black can make a tempo-saving move that ends the mate threat, the pinned piece can be saved. This, then, is a possible counter to the pin. Of course, piling on defenses to the attacked piece may also suffice, if the defenders outnumber the attackers. But the best defense of all is avoidance in the first place. If you do find yourself in this kind of quicksand, examine the position as carefully as possible to see if there are any hidden resources that may save the day. In Diagram B at left, Black has just moved his Rook to R, pinning the White Knight to the White Rook. For the moment the Knight is safe, since it is protected. But Black threatens . . . P–B3 or 4, subjecting the Knight to an additional attack from the Bishop. What can White do? If he moves the Knight, the Rook falls. A King move is no help (notice that if the King were one square closer to the Rook, say at KB instead of at K, then K to N or N2 protects the Rook and permits the Knight to flee), but there is still some hope. If White places his Rook on R3, he can protect the Rook with the Knight (. . . P–B4; N–B4, RxR; NxR). He has found the antidote to the poison pin in time.

F.W.H.



A. B.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light Refractions

Cool, Getting Warmer

One of WORLD's assistant editors, Sharon Fass, mentioned to me that she'd been reading a Eugene O'Neill play and had been struck by the outdated character of O'Neill's slang and also by its power. Today's slang is often admirably descriptive, but it lacks the immediacy, the sense of intimate involvement, that yesterday's slang had. What was once hot has turned cool.

Nifty, bang-up, terrific. They all have a connotation of excitement that's lacking in *cool, far out,* and *outasight.*

Language doesn't develop in a vacuum, of course. It grows in a culture, responding to the available nutrients. In the past couple of decades, slang has had an unemotional quality. "Cool" is a reasonably adequate representation of a whole body of modern slang. I've been thinking about the cultural influences that nourished this coolness, and I think my oversimplification deserves an airing as much as anyone's.

I think perhaps it can be understood in the context of a generation that grew up under the threat of hydrogen attack: kids who hid under their school desks in air-raid drills; whose families built, or considered building, air-raid shelters; for whom, in effect, life had little of the expectation of permanence or continuity inherent in the lives of previous generations. The easiest way to cope may have been to become indifferent, or at least to express indifference. Absolute commitment couldn't have much meaning. "As long as you both shall live" slipped into "as long as you both shall dig it." Even ballroom dancing became a performance by two soloists who seldom glanced at each other. That's several giant steps away from "out together dancing cheek to cheek."

"Cool" language is the language of the "hip." It's escapist. It grew in the Fifties and Sixties, and it meshed with the mumblings of Timothy Leary and "dropping out."

Pot parties replaced beer busts in the social life of young people. The conviviality of a pot party is of a different nature from that of a beer bust. At a pot party, there is a fundamental sense that "we're all in this together," arising largely from the peculiar legal status of pot; so the group connection is at least as muc conspiratorial as convivial. Beyond tha there's the friendly passing around joints or pipes or whatever is used convey the weed. But reactions to pot a personal. There may be wild laughte and the laughter may be contagious; b it's seldom "our" laughter. It's t laughter of a lot of separate egos. springs from private impressions mo than from experiences shared with t group. It's hard to imagine people at pot party putting their arms around o another's shoulders and doing the Mo mon Tabernacle Choir's rendition "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie," anything else for that matter.

One of the many advantages claime for pot over booze is that no one eve gets aggressive on pot. It puts you in benign mood. Booze, on the other hand can be the saboteur that blows the dar of civilized repressions, flooding th landscape with loosed hostilities. I mak no plea for either. It's too bad anyon ever feels a desire to throw his mind of stride. But it seems to me that in *vin* there is more visceral *veritas.*

The "cool" experiences are private.

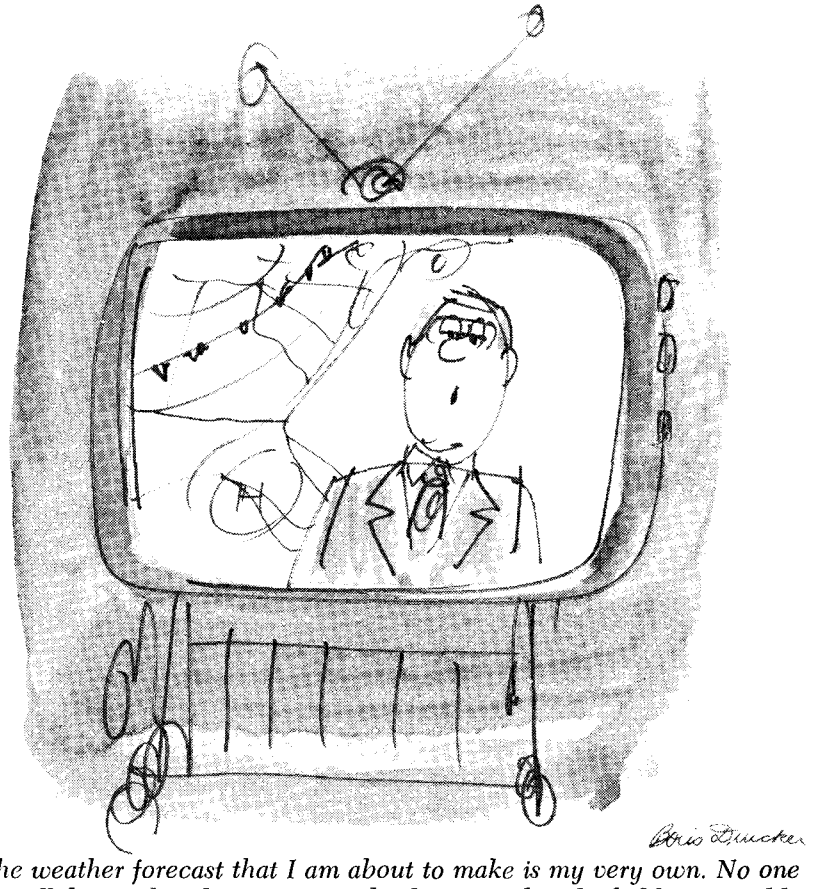
"I want to find out who I am," sai young people, retiring into themselves as though by seeking in solitude yo could read your own genes and find you true nature, independent of its surround ings. Somehow you were supposed t discover Yourself: "Wow! Yeah, Man That's me!" and then protect that Sel from the foreign influences of the worl —family, society, good manners, and a the rest of what "isn't me." That's cool

I think *cool* started to lose its gri somewhat during the years of antiwa demonstrations, when things got pretty hot. Often, it was replaced, not, as migh be expected, by a shared sense of com mon understanding, but by an outgrowth of the me-centered mentality wherein You might have been just as much Against the War as I, but if You didn't think planting bombs in office buildings was a good idea, You were a Fascist Pig.

I think *cool* is losing out, and I think it is largely the shared concern over environmental pollution that's causing its decline. More and more people are feeling themselves as part of a total system in which they are necessarily involved. *Cool* is giving way to ***heavy,*** which at least implies substance. "Getting It All Together" rings a friendlier note than "cool," and I wouldn't be surprised if "Do Your Own Thing" gives way to something resembling a slogan many of us remember. God knows we're due for a national recovery. Does "We Do Our Part" have any appeal as we enter the mid-Seventies?

I hope so.

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

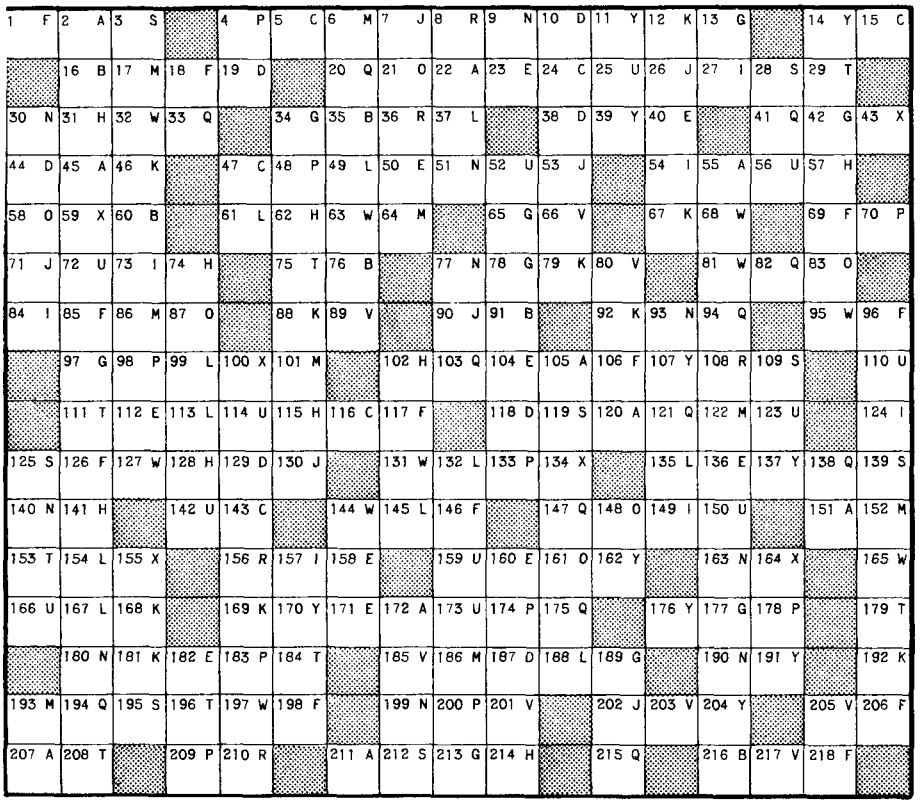


"The weather forecast that I am about to make is my very own. No one has collaborated with me on it, and I do not wish to be held responsible for any inconvenience or disappointments caused by the U.S. Weather Bureau or any other government service, whose opinions are their own."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Gram No. 30

by Thomas H. Middleton



INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate what WORD a particular square's letter comes from.

The diagram, when filled in, will read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Wide or exaggerated punch in boxing	22 45 105 120 211 2 55 151 172 207
B. Wrote briefly or hurriedly	16 35 60 76 91 216
C. Infrequent (2 wds. followed by WORD K)	15 24 47 116 143 5
D. Japanese art of flower arranging	44 118 129 187 10 19 38
E. Town of SE Guatemala, famous for church containing "the Black Christ"	40 50 104 158 171 112 136 23 160 182
F. Carlos Ortiz and Mando Ramos, for example	117 126 198 206 1 69 85 106 218 18 96 146
G. Explodes with suddenness and violence	34 42 65 78 97 177 189 213 13
H. They enjoy being human gliders	57 128 141 74 115 31 62 102 214
I. The Chorus' image for the Globe Theatre (*Henry V*, 2 wds.)	124 149 157 54 73 84 27
J. Whiner	26 71 130 202 7 90 53
K. See WORD C (2 wds.)	92 181 192 67 79 88 169 168 12 46
L. Curious	49 61 135 167 188 37 132 145 154 99 113
M. Captain Cook's ship on his first Pacific voyage	122 152 64 86 186 6 17 193 101
N. Investigated (2 wds.)	140 190 199 51 93 77 163 180 9 30

CLUES	WORDS
O. French statesman (1759-94); leading figure of the Revolution, died by the guillotine	87 21 58 83 148 161
P. "Boston _____ is the hub of the solar system" (comp.; Holmes, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*)	178 183 4 133 174 48 70 200 209 98
Q. World champion of the WORD F, 1917-25 (full name)	20 103 121 147 175 41 138 82 194 215 33 94
R. English novelist (1823-1901), wrote *The Daisy Chain*	156 210 8 36 108
S. _____ de Beauharnais: queen of Holland (1806-10), wife of Louis Bonaparte	125 212 28 139 119 195 109 3
T. Lunacy	196 208 111 179 29 75 153 184
U. Boxing's "Toy Bulldog" (full name)	72 142 114 150 56 25 159 110 123 173 52 166
V. Dramatic climax of many a western (comp.)	80 185 89 217 201 66 203 205
W. Russian theatrical and motion picture director (1898-1948), *Alexander Nevsky*	32 144 131 63 81 127 165 68 95 197
X. Dismisses (2 wds.)	155 100 164 134 43 59
Y. Outspoken	191 14 107 162 176 39 137 11 170 204

(Answer to Double-Gram No. 29 appears on page 8.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Effective with the September 11 issue, Rates: 1 time in contract year, per word $1.75. 13 times in contract year, per word $1.65. 26 times in contract year, per word $1.45. Box and numbers count for 2 words. 10-word minimum. Full payment must accompany your order. Address: Classified Department, Saturday Review/World Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. *Replies to WM box numbers should be sent to the above address.*

PERSONALS

WHEN YOU VISIT CAROL BROWN, Box W. Putney, Vt., 05346, to choose your non-synthetic Irish tweed, sweater, floor rug, blanket, stop at *THE COMMON GROUND* in Brattleboro for a non-synthetic lunch.

BUY SILVER, GOLD sheet wire and casting grain at lowest prices. The more you buy, the lower the cost. Fast service via UPS. Send for free 15-page list of jewelry-making tools, supplies, books, including price charts for silver and gold. ARE CREATIONS, Box 155W, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

GIVE YOURSELF A CHARMING NEW VOICE by proper placement exercises used by former Metropolitan Opera coach. In a few weeks the intelligent person learns to relieve vocal strain, acquire voice richness and charm. Boon to actors, broadcasters, public speakers, lawyers, teachers, salesmen, mothers smothering under housewifery, widows lonely and bored. Guaranteed method in detail, $3. Write: NORMANDIE HILL, 429 N.W. 48th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minn. 56093.

FINANCING NEEDED for non-profit project planned by team of professional scientists. Aim is knowledge center and urgent research program on phenomena of unknown origin. Support this timely idea with exciting developments. For definite proposal write to Box 605 this magazine.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

SLEEP-LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

WOODEN TOYS. Handcrafted in Amana Colonies. Free brochure. DER KINDERGARTEN, Homestead, Iowa 52236.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $15.40 up; Purcell from $11. Student special. Corelli $7.15; recorder instruction kit, soprano recorder, method book, three 7" LP instruction records, boxed $9.95. Add sales tax plus shipping $1.50. Recorder music methods. Guitar music. Free catalogue. 4-3-C, HARGAIL, 28 W. 38th St., NYC 10018

PERSONALS

ACTIVELY BUYING and selling rare books and first editions. Catalogue for year $1.00. Minkoff, RFD 3, Box 147, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230.

LICK OBSERVATORY PHOTOGRAPHS of galaxies and nebulae in large poster-size prints. Set of four, $8.00 postpaid. Write to: Interplanetary, Box 1338-E, Sausalito, Calif. 94965.

CAN'T SLEEP? Mack's pillow-soft earplugs. The moldable noise silencer recommended by doctors. Guaranteed! Send $1.10 ppd. to McKeon Products, Dept. W, 23220 Ithaca, Oak Park, Mich. 48237.

WIN YOUR SHARE of $1,000 prize money each month. Annual membership $10. American Quiz and Puzzle Society, Box 4179, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. WM, Box 644.

NIXON BUGS ME. Bumperstrips, 3/$1, buttons 3/$1. Mayo, 1015 Fairfield Beach Rd., Fairfield, Conn. 06430.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 08069.

IS ONLY YOUR INABILITY to type holding you back from a brilliant writing career? We guarantee results at our ALL-NEW 42nd Street Typing Salon, where former models will personally introduce you to the touch system and show you how to move your carriage and change your ribbon in complete privacy. WM, Box QQ.

YOUR BOOKS NEEDED. World University in Puerto Rico can put to use any good books you have available, review copies, reference works, private collections, etc. Please send books to: Robert Royce, Librarian: World University, San Juan, Puerto Rico 00917.

SMAD® HAPPY-FACE STICKERS: A whimsical smile and perky − × + ÷ signs are used to create a SMAD "happy-face" sticker . . . on letters, books, gifts, etc. Finest self-stick paper. ¾" round; 2-color. Kids love "happy-faces." You will too! 200 stickers $1.00 ppd. SMAD, Dept.-W, 5621 Peabody St., Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, Berkeley Campus: Detailed coverage of undergraduate lecture courses, in book form. Valuable resource for teachers, learners. Sampler catalog free. Write: Fybate-40, 2440 Bancroft, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

ARE THOSE PARKING PLACE BLUES getting you down? Would you like to have your favorite spot reserved for you all day and waiting for you at night? We make an inflatable replica of your car which you can leave in your parking place when you go to work and deflate to convenient trunk size when you come back in the evening. Specify year, color, and car model when ordering. Write THE BIG BLOW-UP, Inc. for catalogue. WM Box B.P.

For the convenience of those who might wish to place a classified notice in the *new* SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD Magazine, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022:

Advertiser_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Number of times you wish ad to run_____

Copy_____

Copy for insertions must be received 47 days prior to issue date. See rates above.

PERSONALS

COLLECTOR'S ITEM now available! Historic f issue, and the first (and last) anniversary issue WORLD Magazine. A set of the two magazin $2.95. WM Box J.W.

I SHARE THIS MARSH—Superb photographs a words about Upper Newport Bay—a vital W Coast estuary preserved through public acti $4.50 from Whale & Eagle Publications, Box 4(Seal Beach, Calif. 90740.

LITERARY SERVICES

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articl novels. Robert Hogrogian, (201) 489-0637.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING, editing, rewrites, c settes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Cal 91105.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly dor All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Al White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable maj credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any su ject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlant Beach, N.Y. 11019.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, intellectual writin All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confide tial. Professional team! RC Research, Box 13 Dayton, Wash. 99328.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful design Antioch Bookplate Co., Box 28B, Yellow Spring Ohio 45387.

BOOKS

BIG PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, catalog free. Bookseller, Box 54W, Sherman, Conn. 0678

WILL YOU BUY MY (FUTURE) BOOKS? Write Richard Mullins, Shanagolden, Limerick, Ireland.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free cat logue. Readers' Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lan Huntingdon Valley, PA. 19006.

FIRST EDITIONS and rare books. Send $1 fc catalogue. VanderVeen & Co., P.O. Box 6504 Grand Rapids, Mich. 49506.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names an titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 124 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

BOOKS LOCATED without obligation. Colema Book Locators, 257 East Market St., Long Beach Calif. 90805.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free searcl service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 613-B, Chicag Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service i not in our large stock. Write Q. M. Dabney & Co. Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and your satisfaction guaranteed! You name it—we find it. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, INC., Box 1-W, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau, and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and master print supplement. (Mail $.25 for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 9-B, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

1000 HISTORIC POSTERS. Catalogue $.25. Buck Hill, Dept. WM, Johnsburg, N.Y. 12843.

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore, Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

WANTED—restless creative spirits looking for self-fulfillment through painting. Learn from the renowned Famous Artists Text Library. Send name, address and age for free, colorful brochure. Famous Artists Schools, Dept. CA-1, Westport, Conn. 06880.

PERIODICALS

SOUVENIR ISSUE historic Lafayette Square 1973, City living potentials, restoration arts, architectural photography. 50¢ The Lafayette Square Meter, Box 2167-W, St. Louis, Mo. 63185.

GOURMET INTERESTS

WILD RICE—FINEST QUALITY. Extra-select long grain with recipes and reasonably priced. Write BRTS, Box 200, Brule, Wis. 54820.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 873, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

RECORDS

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1200 *fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, classical,* romantic, and modern music. All stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, WM, Box 932, New York, N.Y. 10023.

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, Out-of-Print LPs. Large list $.25. Broadway/Hollywood Recording, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. Kastenbau construction. Meticulous craftsmanship. Brochures. Gregoire Harpsichord Distributors, Charlemont, Mass. 01339.

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS AND CLAVICHORDS. Excellent, dependable, beautiful. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Historical replicas woodwinds, brass, strings. Lutes, gambas, harps, harpsichords. Dulcimers, kanteles, balalaikas, bouzoukis, fine guitars. Catalogue $1, refundable. Classical Instruments, Inc., Gateway Building, New Orleans, La. 70130.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS—Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented), $195–$650. Write Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" St., Box 80222W, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

THE HARPSICHORD quarterly. Definitive articles on buying, building, playing, tuning. Photographs. Drawings. Interviews. Letters. $8 annually (non-U.S. $9). Box 4323W, Denver, Colo. 80204.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS AND VIRGINALS. Authentic classical designs for home construction by the amateur builder. Basic kits from $160, complete kits from $300. Write for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Dept. S, 160 Sixth Ave., NYC, 10013.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers, Psalteries, Banjos, Thumb Pianos. HERE, Inc. #W, 410 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404.

COLOR SLIDES

ART-EDUCATIONAL-TRAVEL. 50,000. Individually sold. Samples-Listings $1, refundable. VISUALS D-22, 440 N.W. 130th St., Miami, Fla. 33168.

COLLEGES

MONTESSORI A.M.I. Teacher Training Course with laboratory primary classes. International recognition. Small, select student body. Write Admissions, SOUTHERN MONTESSORI INSTITUTE, 3060 Orange St., Coconut Grove, Fla. 33133.

COLLEGES

WORLD COLLEGE WEST opens September 1973. Living—learning—working college community near San Francisco. Independent. Liberal Arts. Small, outstanding faculty. Admitting selected freshmen, juniors. Box 3060, San Rafael, Calif. 94902.

HUMAN COMMUNICATION, isn't that really the name of the game? Then why not take an advanced degree in it? A Master of Arts in Communication. Apply now for September, January or May entry to: Center for the Advancement of Human Communication, Graduate School of Corporate and Political Communication, FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY, Fairfield, Conn. 06430. Write, or phone: Mr. W. Cheney, (203) 255-5411, Extension 527.

GET TRULY INVOLVED with Life! Prepare to bring the Light of Jesus Christ into the darkness enveloping contemporary society. Three Hierarchs Seminary, 1900 N. Orlando Avenue, Maitland, Fla. 32751. G. I. approved.

GODDARD M.A. PROGRAM for self-directed adults. Independent study designed to fit particular needs of each student. Brief seminars in six major cities or Vermont campus. Wide range of faculty resources. Varied, interesting student body. Enrollment continuous throughout the year. Accredited. *Write to: Graduate Program, Box W, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.*

SCHOOLS

VERSHIRE SCHOOL co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background Foreign Service, business, education. Blending Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexico, Europe) and imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

SCHILLER ACADEMY EUROPE – AMERICAN boarding school in Boennigheim Castle, 18th century mansion near Stuttgart, Germany. Grades 9-12. International faculty. Write: Schiller Academy, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118, or 7124 Boennigheim, Germany.

SMALL FARM COMMUNITY program of Vermont-approved secondary school for bright students with messy scholarship past. Beautiful area. (802) 685-2239.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

A.M.I. TEACHER TRAINING—Enrolling now for Fall 1973, B.A. required. V.A. approved. Montessori Center of New Jersey, 79 Midland Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042 (201) 783-5035.

MONTESSORI INSTITUTE OF ATLANTA teacher training course for teaching children 2½-7 years now accepting applications for September 1973. Accreditation and diploma granted: Association Montessori Internationale. Write P.O. Box 52602, Atlanta, Ga. 30305.

VACATIONS

TENNIS: Clay courts, Hawthorne Bissell, professional. Coaching with video tapes. "Zen" method of teaching. Cape Cod. Phone (617) 487-9512.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Me. 04617.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists and vacationers. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $90 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Me. 04538. Brochure!

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

VACATION IN VERMONT—the beckoning country. Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, auctions, antiques. Relaxed living, exceptional food and beverages, gracious service. Immaculate, well-maintained inn. Swimming pool. Memorable, reasonable. Telephone (802) 247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, Box 250, Brandon, Vt. 05733.

BOGTROT, BIRD, BOTANIZE, roam, read, relax by the sea. Craignair, the Bucks, Sprucehead, Maine 04859.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

CARIBBEAN SEA EFFICIENCIES, maid service. SUPERB accommodations, hospitality, private beach, snorkeling. CARIBE PLAYA Patillas, Puerto Rico.

World—CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

If you are going to move, please use this form and advise World 60 days in advance. Both old and new address must be given. Enclose mailing label which gives full information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly. Many Thanks.

PLEASE PRINT

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

NEW ADDRESS

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

OLD ADDRESS

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Mail this form to:

World P.O. Box 1226, Flushing, New York 11352

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

VERMONT BICYCLE TOURING—Splendid routes, country inns. Weekend, longer trips for adults, families. J. S. Freidin, R.D. 2, Bristol, Vt. 05443. (802) 388-4263.

FLORIDA HOUSEBOAT RENTALS. Sheltered, well-marked waterways. Experience unnecessary. Fully equipped boats sleep six friendly people. For two: $130 weekend, $250 weekly. Write for persuasive brochure. Waterbird (W-2), Box 617 Jensen Beach, Fla. 33457. Or call for reservation: (305) 465-2826.

GOLF PACKAGE SPECIAL. 18-hole challenging course. All meals, new motel room. Oct. 14th to Oct. 31st. Double occupancy $24.95 per person. Shelburne Inn, Shelburne, Vt. 05482.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158W, Senibel Island, Fla. 33957.

CAMPS

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in a fine arts camp? Write! Find out! Brochure. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 14, N.J. 08318. Phone (609) 358-2472.

RETIREMENT

LIVE IN VERMONT NOW—Clean fresh air. Safe streets day and night. Life as it used to be. Room and board from $475 per month. Write for complete details. Innkeeper, 20 Park St., Brandon, Vt. 05733.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG-BERLIN-PARIS-MADRID-LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year and summer programs. American credit system. Also special programs: music, theater, fine arts, religion, international business administration, international relations. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118 or 7121 Ingersheim, Germany. Phone: (405) 842-5979.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding. Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College, Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

LEARN SPANISH in Mexico. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalogue on language school and deschooled academy write: CIDOC, APDO 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

WHY NOT TRY AUSTRIA? Sea Pines Abroad mixes American education with Alpine environment. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9-12 & PG. Standard high school courses; high academic standards. Skiing and travel. Write: Admissions Director, Box 283, Marion, Mass. 02738.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—England. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

TRAVEL

GROUP RATES abroad. Edmonds Travel, 152 West 42nd St., NYC 10036. (212) 594-0290.

THIS AD + $9.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$14.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

SEE WORLD-FAMOUS VERMONT marble exhibit. Proctor, Vt., Rt. 3, near Rutland. May 25-October 21. 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Marble table tops, gifts at factory prices. See a carver at work. Unique Presidential display; beautiful exhibits of world-wide marble varieties. Home yard uses of marble. Celebrated carvings. Color motion pictures. Adults $.50. Write: FOLDER.

TRAVEL

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box SRW, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

COOL OFF IN TROPICS. Nature tours, week from Miami, $495. Guided to orchids, birds, etc. John Beckner, 736 Myrtle Way So., St. Petersburg, Fla. 33705.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SPECIALS, Mexico rail—November, December, January. Famous sites—Yucatan, others. Anthropological experts. Cost from El Paso, lower, $585. WAMPLER TOURS, Box 45-SR, Berkeley, Cal. 94701.

AUTO BABY-SITTERS—INDOOR storage. Rates LOWER than long-term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, Dept. C, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. (212) 493-9800.

BARGAIN SAIL TO EUROPE! s.s. Rotterdam. New York to Lisbon, Sept. 8; Lisbon to New York, Oct. 27. All cabins one price (except a few super-deluxe and suites) with run-of-the-ship. Double, one way $245 per person, round trip $395. Single, one way $325 per person, round trip $475. Add $100 one way, $150 round trip for super-deluxe cabins and suites. Fantastic food, entertainment, no gratuities required. American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge accepted for fare. Call your travel agent or Holland America Cruises, (212) 620-5101.

THE SEARCH FOR THE NILE via Cairo, Khartoum and Ethiopia to Nairobi. Sept., Nov., Jan. departures from London. 5 weeks $590. And/or Nairobi-Johannesburg by land rover. 5 weeks $520. Also 3-week Game Park Safaris. Write: Whole Earth Travel, Box 1497, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE. $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLTips, 40-21 Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—private independent schools, all states; public schools, northeastern states; beginners, experienced; all levels, subjects, fields, department heads, administrators, business managers, fund raisers, nurses, housemothers—free brochure. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278N, Windsor, Conn. 06095.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms. $1. Austco, Box 3623-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits, latest computerized reports—$2. TRANS-WORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES—Paid Transportation! 50,000 Jobs! Latest reports on employment, business, farming, education . . . plus map, forms, $1.00. International Services, Box 29193-LX, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1. Research Associates, Box 889-WM, Belmont, Calif. 94002.

BONAFIDE EUROPEAN JOB OFFERS mailed within 24 hours. Write: Alexander, Box 357-W, South Pasadena, Cailf. 91030.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES—Now Available! Free Transportation! Complete information . . . plus Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-LX, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

WORLD-WIDE HOTEL CHAINS need men, women, couples. Information, $2.00. Alexander, Box 357-WM, South Pasadena, Calif. 91030.

EDUCATOR/ADMINISTRATOR in San Francisco area to be responsible for creation and supervision of educational programs for all age levels of the congregation: administration of the temple. Salary open depending on qualifications. WM Box 653.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR SALE

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village home Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEEI & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

BERKSHIRES—COOL, ECOLOGY-MINDED cor munity near Tanglewood. 2 bedrooms, screen balcony, fireplace. 5 acres of trees. $55,000. (41 623-8915.

FORGET YOUR TENSIONS and fish famous Ba tenkill, a few steps from this beautifully restore Colonial, only $59,500. "The time spent fishir is not deducted from your normal span of life WALKER REALTY, Manchester, Vt. 0525 (802) 362-1020.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, su perior schools, near universities, integrated neigl borhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3494 Le Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751 2155.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior fu nishings, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Large pool, beac privileges, ocean view. Staff 3. Six persons $40 weekly to December 15th; $650 to April 15th. WM Box 649.

SANIBEL ISLAND, FLORIDA. Near gulf, 4 BI house, private pool, dock; or 3 BR apartment, poc and dock. Howard Taylor, 31100 Fairmount Cleveland, Ohio 44124. (216) 442-8727.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Hom Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartment worldwide. Loan-A-Home, WM Box 635.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

FURNISHED/UNFURNISHED

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM. Real Estate for Recreation and Investment. Free brochure. PETER D. WATSON AGENCY, INC., Greensboro, Vt. 05841. (802) 533-2651.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-LX, Washington, D.C. 20009.

IDEAL 5-ACRE RANCH, Lake Conchas, N. Mex. $3975. No down, no interest, $29 monthly. Vacation paradise. Good investment. Free brochure. Ranchos, Box 2006FC, Alameda, Calif. 94501.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vt. 05068.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $100 per acre —also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Me. 04938. Tel. Office (207) 778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

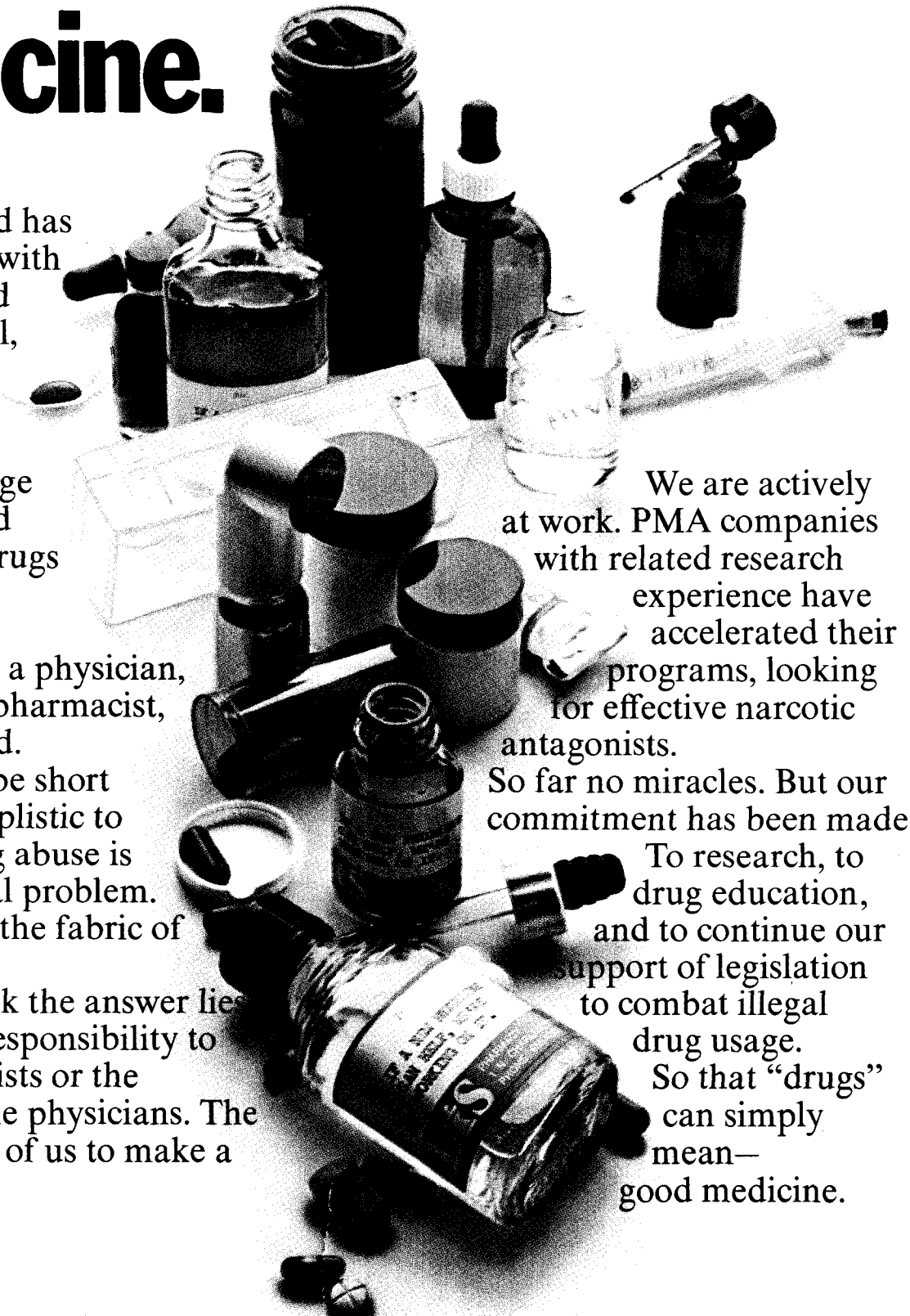
NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE INC. Huge inventory of farms, raw land. Hyde Park, Vt. 05655. (802) 888-4287.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-WM, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We want our products to be used as medicine.



"Drugs".

The very word has become loaded with implications and meanings: social, legal, medical, philosophical.

Our area of special knowledge is medicine. And we intend our drugs to be used as medicine.

Prescribed by a physician, dispensed by a pharmacist, taken as directed.

But it would be short sighted and simplistic to stop there. Drug abuse is a severe national problem. Rooted deep in the fabric of our lives.

We don't think the answer lies in shifting the responsibility to the social scientists or the lawmakers or the physicians. The answer is for all of us to make a massive effort. Cooperatively.

We are actively at work. PMA companies with related research experience have accelerated their programs, looking for effective narcotic antagonists.

So far no miracles. But our commitment has been made:

To research, to drug education, and to continue our support of legislation to combat illegal drug usage.

So that "drugs" can simply mean— good medicine.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Send for our free booklet, *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. W083, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cointreau...the art of lingering.

No one wants the evening to end when there's friendship, good conversation and Cointreau. Crystal clear, lighter drier Cointreau – the liqueur laced with the subtle hint of orange.

Pronounced *"Kwan-tro."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED